The Technique of Terror

DC December 30, 1965 35¢

THE CATHOLIC AGGIORNAMENTO

THE REPORTER

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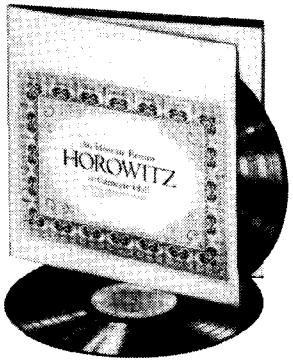

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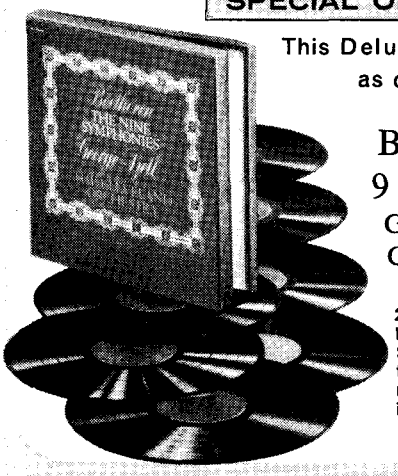

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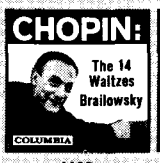

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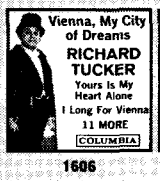

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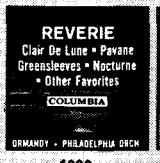

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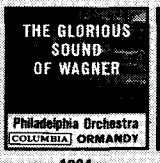

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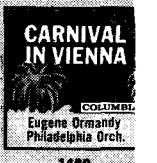

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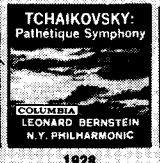

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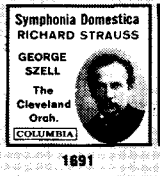

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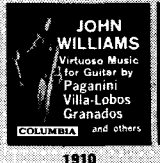

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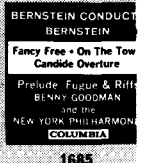

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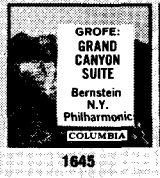
1711-1712 Set Counts As 2 Selections



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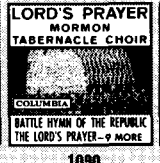
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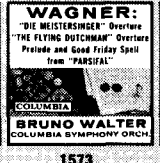

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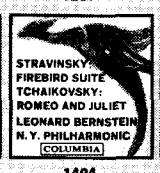

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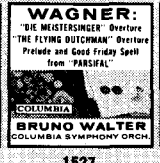

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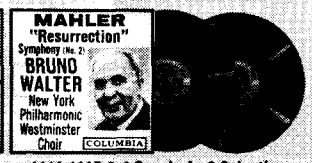
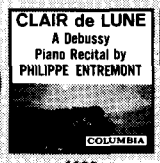


1111-1112 Set Counts As 2 Selections



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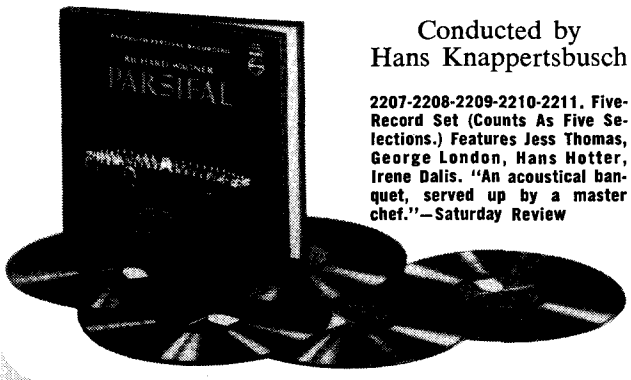
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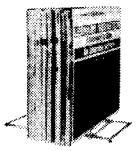

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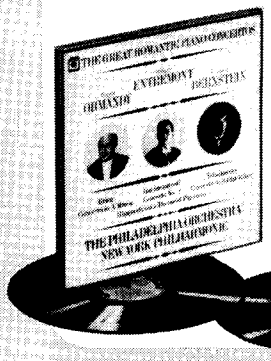

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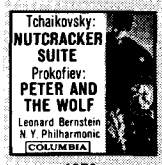

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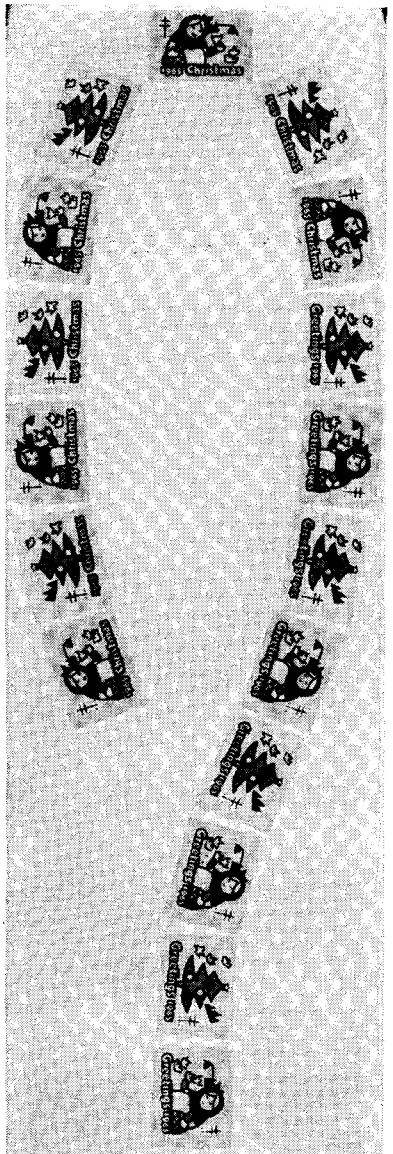

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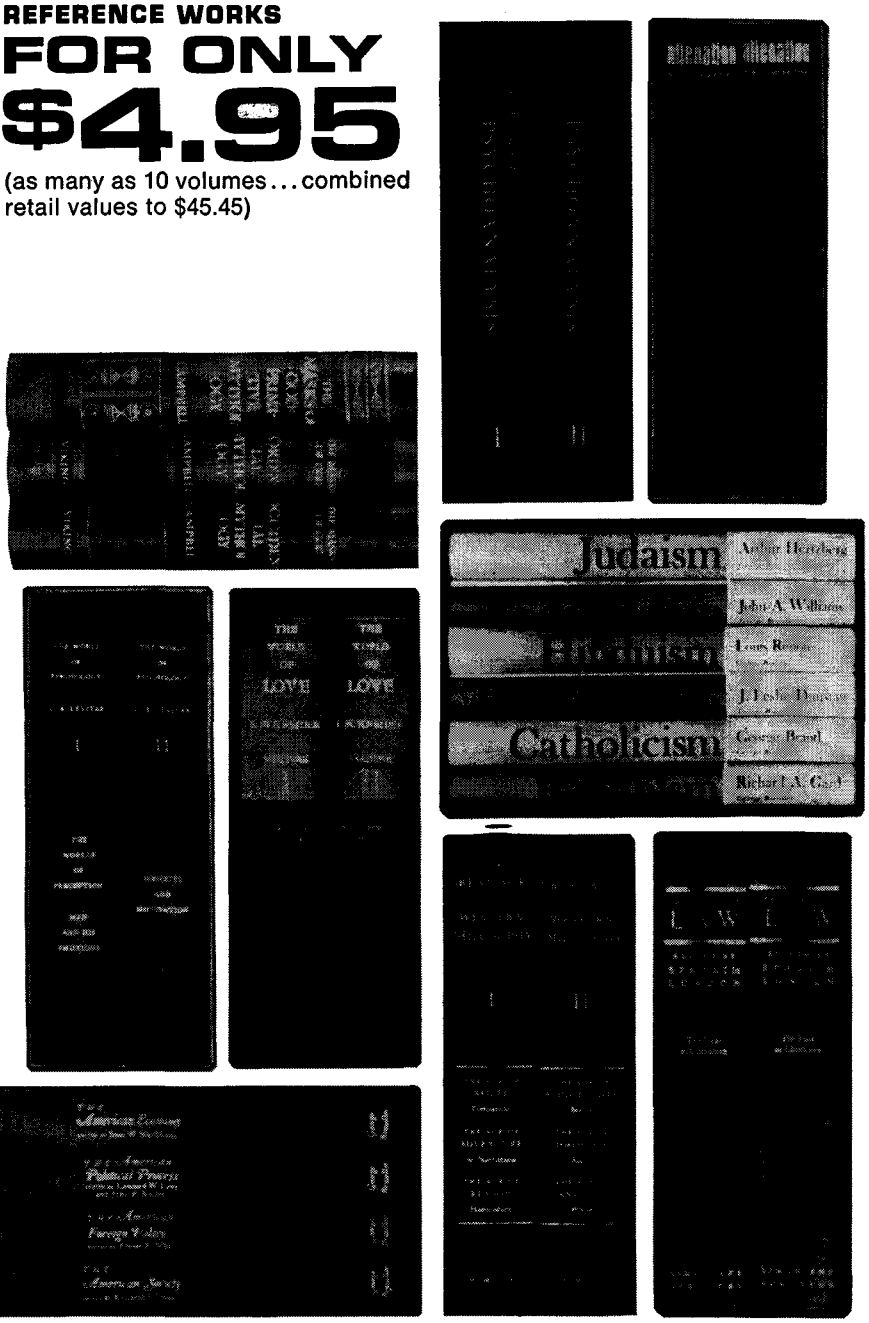

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Acrostician—

JIMMY DURANTE

WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN HIS editorial Note, **Max Ascoli** deals with this particular Christmas of 1965, when the eternal need for some measure of peace is to be worked for by our soldiers in Vietnam and hoped for in the bitter struggle that divides Americans over that cruel and faraway war.

From Vietnam itself, **Denis Warner** reports for us on the interrogation of prisoners of war and defectors from the Vietcong and allows us to glimpse the structure of Communist leadership and the hard test to which it has been subjected by our offensive. . . . The sketch by **Edmond Taylor** shows how in the village he visited, which is typical of a large section of the country, our soldiers and those of South Vietnam rule by day and the Vietcong by night.

AGGIORNAMENTO, the Italian word meaning "updating," has been widely used to describe the extraordinary process of revolution and evolution within the Roman Catholic Church that has been made manifest at the General Council of the Church just concluded in Rome. Not since the Council of Trent, which ended just over four hundred years ago, has the Roman Church completed a full Council to consider the best way of presenting its never-changing message to the (then as now) "modern" world. Then the issue was the cataclysmic splintering of Christendom. Now it is the perhaps even more cataclysmic shift of the world, both Christian and non-Christian, away from religion itself. **Osbert Hastings,** a British Vatican specialist, assesses the deliberations of Vatican II and considers their possible meanings for the (still "modern") future, both for the Roman Church and for the world. . . . Sargent Shriver is not a man whom one would expect to be politically naïve, and yet it seems that he recently has had to learn some lessons of practical politics the hard way. **Jules Witcover** and **Erwin Knoll,** on the Washington staff of the Newhouse National News Service, describe a precedent-setting change of direction in his approach to involvement of the poor in anti-poverty programs.... **Adam Clymer,** a Washington reporter for the Baltimore *Sun*, who covered the third Liuzzo trial in Montgomery, Alabama, for his paper, discusses the surprising conviction of three Klansmen in a Federal court. . . . Transit woes are at the top of the agenda for New York Mayor-elect John Lindsay when he takes office on New Year's Day. **C. W. Griffin, Jr.,** a journalist-engineer who writes often in these pages, considers a new approach to this perennial and seemingly unsolvable urban problem. . . . **Claire Sterling**'s recent visit to Iraq came just at the time of that ancient land's latest political upheaval.

AT THIS TIME of year when children are traditionally even more cherished than they usually are, we are pleased to present **Fred Licht's** "A Winter in Berlin." In the literal sense of the term, this is perhaps not a Christmas story, but its meaning for men of good will is as important and as appropriate to the season as any specially written Christmas story could be. Mr. Licht teaches art history and archaeology at Brown University and is having a book on nineteenth- and twentieth-century sculpture published next year. . . . **Fernando Krahn** in his usual corner celebrates the season in his own way.... Our regular music columist, **Roland Gelatt,** comments on three new recordings of rarely performed operas. Mr. Gelatt's *The Fabulous Phonograph* will be reissued in January in a revised edition by Appleton-Century.... This is **Robert Wallace's** first appearance in *The Reporter*. His *Views from a Ferris Wheel* was published by Dutton.... **Marvin Barrett** is a free-lance critic and former editor of *Show*. . . . **Edward T. Chase** is a writer and consultant on public affairs and is an editor at a New York publishing house.

Our Christmas cover, in accordance with our tradition, is by our art director, **Reg Massie.** It is a painting of the Congregational Church in Redding, Connecticut, which was built in 1837.

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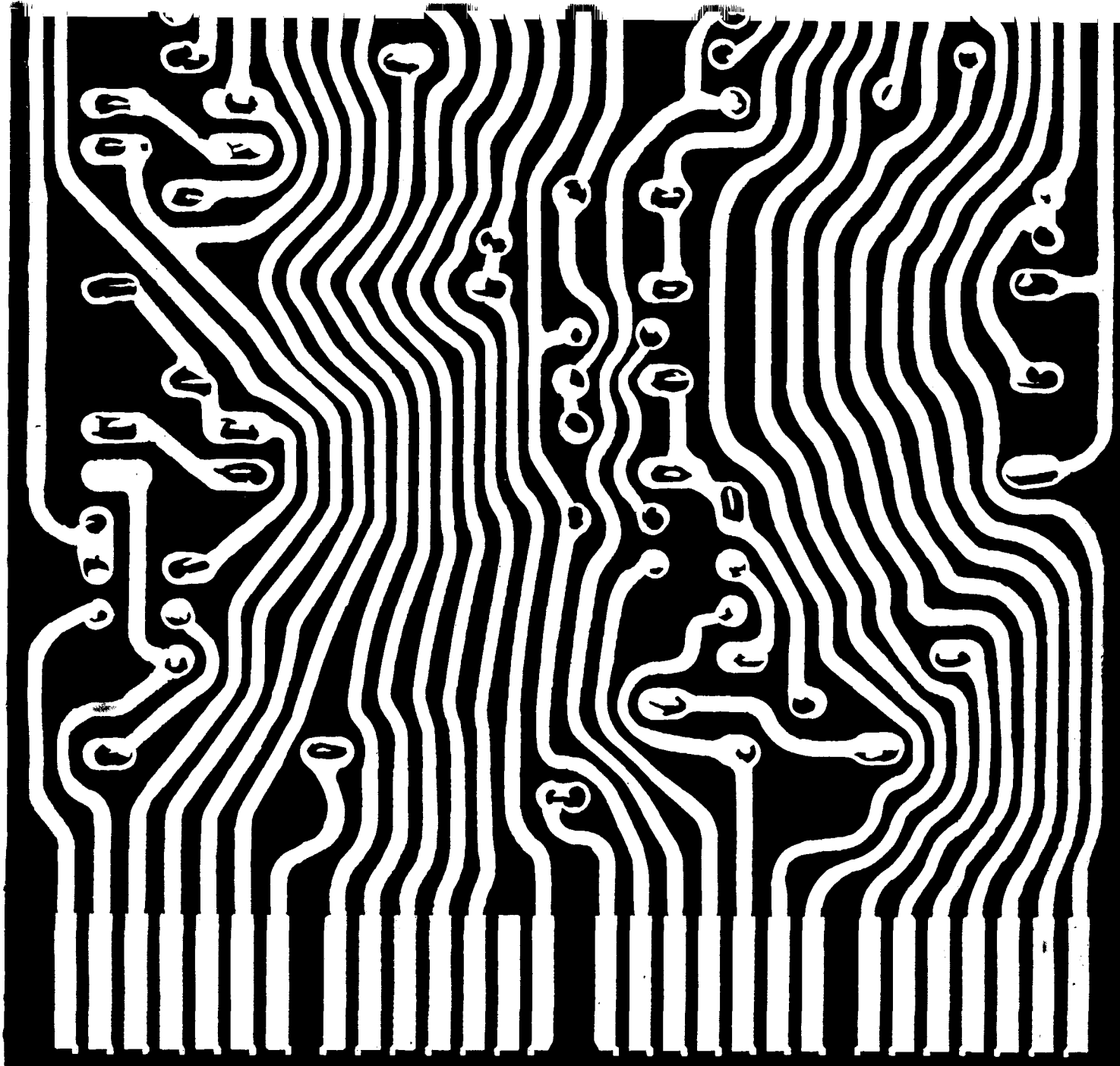

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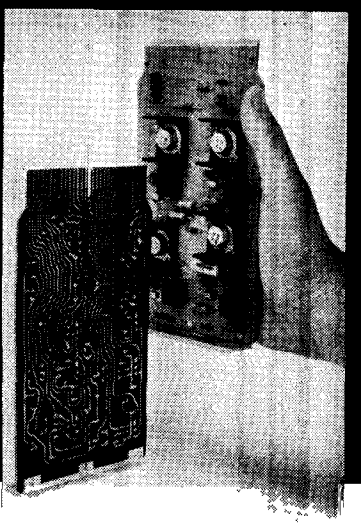

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THE PEACE TABLE

To the Editor: It is refreshing to read your editorial "The Peace Table" (*The Reporter*, December 2) and to find that someone has maintained a sense of proportion in the face of a simplistic wave of anti-war and pro-war demonstrations.

It is easy enough to chant "Get Out of Vietnam." It is much more difficult to face the life-and-death realities of the struggle there and of the repercussions its outcome will have. Neither the celebrated "peace feelers" from Hanoi nor the recent contributions of U Thant are likely to break the impasse. The time has come, as you suggest, for a broader approach to both the hot war in Vietnam and the even more intense cold war of which it is a part.

STANLEY MATHEWS
Baltimore

THE REASON FOR REIMS

To the Editor: As a professor of modern history with a special interest in the Second World War, I enjoyed reading "Psychosemantics" ("The Reporter's Notes," December 2). Your gentle ridiculing of Soviet Marshal N. N. Voronov's statement that the "protocol of surrender" concluded at Reims between Allied and German forces was signed by mistake seems perfectly sound. It does indeed seem almost unbelievable that General Ivan Susloparov, Soviet representative to SHAEF, could have signed the document in question without authority. Yet it seems on the basis of other evidence that this very likely was the case.

Retired American diplomat Robert Murphy, who was General Eisenhower's political adviser on German affairs at the time, has described what happened in his recent autobiography, *Diplomat Among Warriors*. After long deliberation, the European Advisory Commission worked out terms for a German surrender. These top-secret terms, approved by Washington, London, and Moscow, were delivered by Murphy in March, 1945, to General Walter Bedell Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff. When the time of surrender came early in May, 1945, Eisenhower directed Smith to handle the affair. Smith, according to Murphy, had a thousand things on his mind at the time and simply forgot about the existence of the approved surrender terms and had his staff officers draft, then and there, an appropriate document for the Germans to sign. Susloparov was asked for his approval, and he obligingly signed. His government, he told Murphy later, had never informed him of any other terms.

Needless to say, it was only a matter of hours before the Russians were protesting to Washington that the terms signed at Reims were not those agreed upon earlier by the European Advisory Commission—a fact that Murphy had pointed out to Smith as soon as he saw the document after the signing ceremony. The mistake was covered up by announcing that the Reims affair was only a preliminary and that the official ceremony would take place in Berlin a day later, as indeed it did—to the mystification of historians, who until 1964 did not have Murphy's account of Smith's lapse of memory to explain why there were two ceremonies and two surrender documents.

DONALD H. NORTON
Colby Junior College
New London, New Hampshire

SOME MORE EQUAL

To the Editor: George Ivan Smith's statement ("The Rhodesian Rebellion: I. The Chips Are Down," *The Reporter*, December 2) that "the American Declaration of Independence . . . began by recognizing the equality of men" is a *gaffe*, I should suppose, that any historian of the United States could correct. Clearly equality of "rights" did not mean either social, economic, or political equality to the Americans of 1776, where slavery was widespread (in *all* areas) with no one imagining that the Declaration of Independence applied to the slaves. It did not even mean equality among whites, many of whom were then deprived of the vote.

ROLAND N. STROMBERG, Professor
University of Maryland
College Park

TESTING A WILL

To the Editor: I was shocked and angered when I belatedly read "Philadelphia's Negroes Challenge a Will," by Peter Binzen in *The Reporter* of October 21, which stated that since picketing of Girard College started, "not a single alumnus has spoken publicly in favor of integrating the school." Shamefully late though the hour, I want to declare for integration of Girard. This must be done promptly if the stain on the honor of the school and its founder is to be washed away.

The question of what Stephen Girard himself would do today is academic, idle, and buck-passing. Moreover, it is likely to be a dishonest question, for many who ask it are likely to answer for Girard by placing in his mouth their own prejudices. The real question is, What do we do today, all of us?

According to Girard's will, the primary purpose of Girard College is to teach "facts and things." Not the facts and things of a hundred years ago, but those of today. Can anyone seriously doubt that the overriding fact of life today is that man must learn to live in peace and love with his fellow man? Segregation denies all of the opportunity to learn this crucial fact; young minds must be given that opportunity. Closing out the world behind a wall is as ostrichlike in Philadelphia as it is in Berlin.

GEORGE ROSATO, Class of '42
Palo Alto, California

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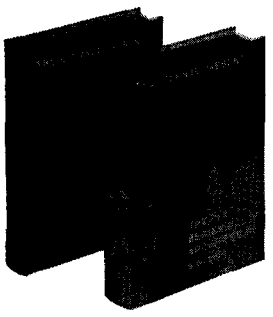

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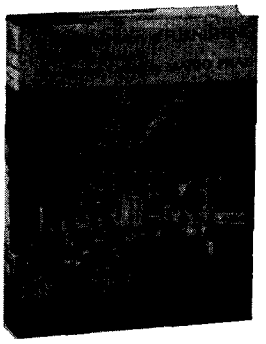

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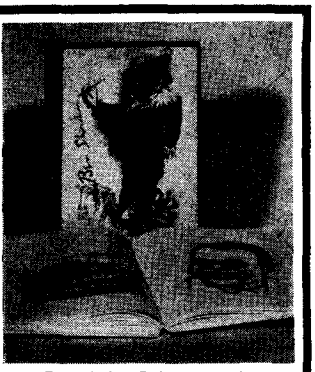

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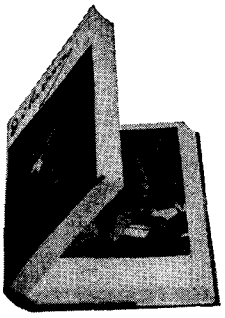

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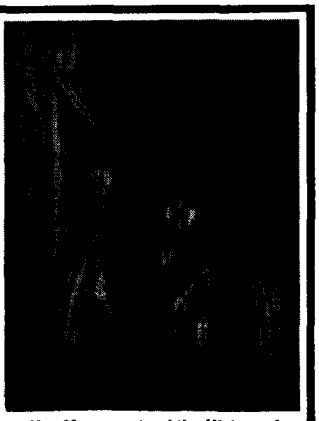

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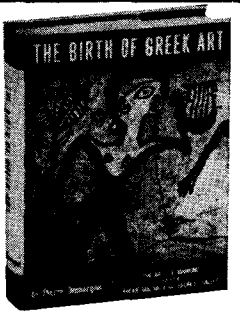

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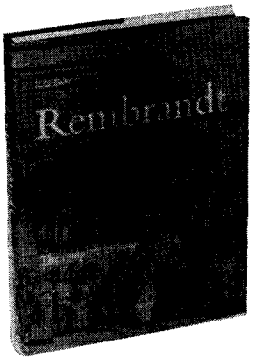

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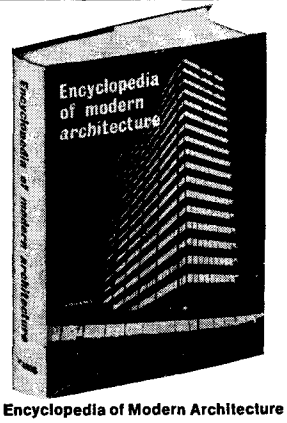

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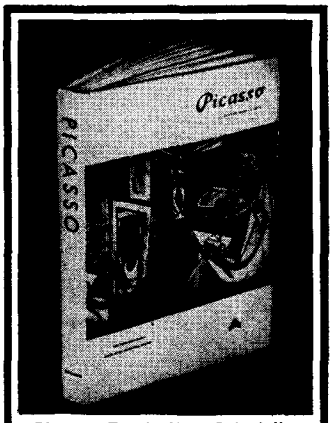

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Christmas, 1965

A bitter antagonism among sizable groups of Americans has been growing apace with the ever-increasing participation of our armed forces in the Vietnam war. The noisy frenzy of anti-war partisanship has in no way affected the bulk of the citizenry, and the whole conflagration has remained a sort of marginal civil war. But there has been enough of it to arouse a number of citizens who have rushed to the defense of the President and the flag. For their trouble they have not gained much, aside from the loss of a few friendships.

On the anti-war side are to be found in fairly large numbers youthful leaders and students, together with the cadres and the shock troops of some but by no means all of the civil-rights movements. The deliberate pitch has been one of stubborn youthfulness, caused by the assemblage in the same fiery ranks of both chronological and permanent adolescents. No wonder the contingent of the professional intellectuals is so large: happily abandoning the pretense of having grown up, in this, their finest hour, they are hailed by really young people when they throw mud at the President and call him names.

On the other side, there are the pro-administration vigilantes. Theirs is a somber task: they have to challenge the claims and the insinuations of the anti-war mob, sometimes re-echoed by the most sedate organs of the press. They can never thoroughly do the job they set themselves, for their opponents have the initiative, and all the fun.

It is hard, sometimes excruciatingly hard, to be advocates of necessity, particularly when this necessity means war and the death of men. I know whereof I speak. No one who cares for his inner freedom likes to be a cheerleader for any potentate, not even for the President of the United States. But there are occasions when one feels the duty to share contumelies with the President.

This is the season when the promise of peace recurs more radiantly and every year more desperately; for the passing of time even during our own life span proves how only a miracle can truly bring peace on earth.

Even peace cannot be wished for as an end in itself, if it is gained by the desecration of all the values that make civilization. A measure of peace can be achieved, one bit at a time, gained by courage and, above all, by charity.

In this Christmas season, perhaps we can have a pause in some phase of the fighting in Vietnam. We could also well afford a long pause for reflection in the juvenile civil war here at home.

—Max Ascoli

The Dead Red Herring

"Medicare Funds for Reds Barred," the New York *Times* recently headlined an obscurely placed story on an obscure section of an even obscurer act of Congress—the Medicare legislation of 1965. For some time now, it has been apparent that very few persons in or out of government know for certain what is in the 138-page statute by reason of its overwhelming complexity, the profusion of amendments which were added and subtracted at the last minute, and the very considerable room for differing interpretations of some of its provisions. The Communist issue (for lack of a better description) came to light, for instance, when it was disclosed not long ago that those persons whose hospital and nursing care benefits were to be paid from the general fund of the Treasury rather than from special payroll taxes were to be asked on their applications the following question: "Are you now or have you been during the last twelve months a member of any organization which is required to register under the Internal Security Act of 1950 as a Communist-action organization, Communist-front organization, or Communist-infiltrated organization?" An affirmative answer would result in a denial of funds.

How did all this come about? The relevant section of the Act, 103, is entitled simply "Transitional provision on eligibility of presently uninsured individuals for hospital insurance benefits," and it denies eligibility to members of "any organization referred to in section 210 (a) (17) of the Social Security Act." None of this sounded particularly sinister to casual readers, but as long ago as 1963, Representative Robert W. Kastenmeier (D., Wisconsin) recognized good old "210 (a) (17)" as that bit of law excluding from Social Security coverage employees of any of those aforementioned kinds of organizations which had either registered or were under "a final order of the Subversive Activities Control Board" to do so. For although the offending section is now being characterized loosely in some of the press as a Congressional stipulation, it was actually incorporated in the legislation sent to the Hill by the Kennedy administration in 1963, having been a part of earlier bills that failed. When Kastenmeier objected to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, then Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Cohen wrote him that the administration had included the provision because it supposed it to be in line with Congressional thinking on such matters. Since the Medicare legislation contains a related provision which has roused more concern—namely, that affecting payment to persons convicted of various kinds of crimes—the section now in the news was scarcely noticed until

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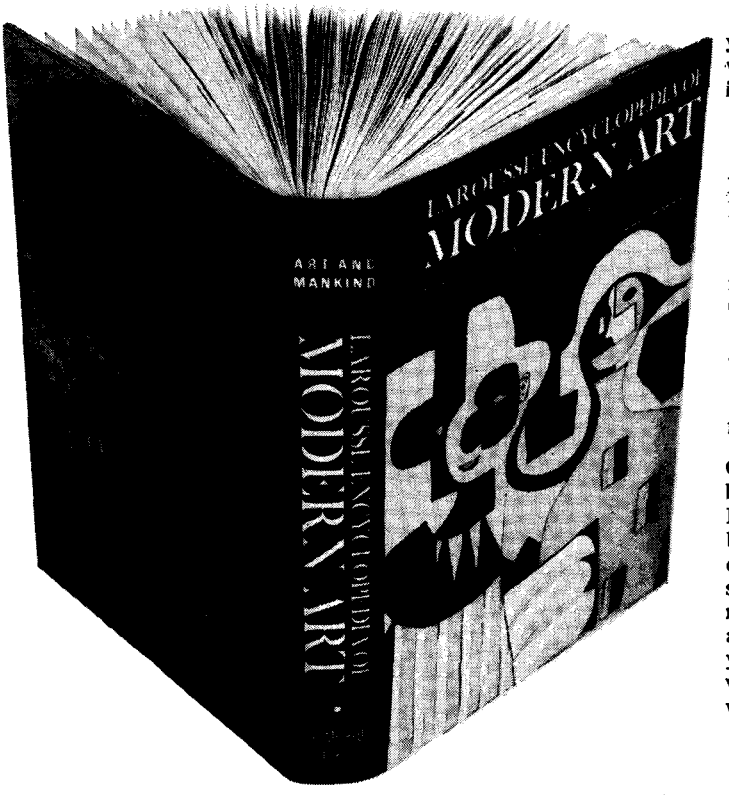

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HEW made public its proposed question to applicants.

It seems a pity that this kind of avowal has been resurrected by HEW at a time when it is slowly but surely going out of fashion elsewhere in government. Moreover, the question as put by HEW appears to be unanswerable by the Department itself—let alone those who will be filling out their forms. Who exactly is a member of an organization required to register? Communist-infiltrated organizations were brought into the picture by the so-called Communist Control Act of 1954 which is so loosely contrived that neither the SACB nor the Justice Department has yet had the temerity to try it out in court. At the present time, all the Communist-front organizations ordered to register have either been relieved of the order by the courts on the grounds of "stale" evidence against them or have long since been disbanded. The only Communist action group under such an order is, of course, the Communist Party itself, although no one has been able to enforce the registration. It is a measure of the difficulty applicants for Medicare benefits may have in truthfully answering the question that the *Times,* going on the basis of orders of the SACB, figured membership in about twenty organizations, other than the Communist Party, to be relevant. The Social Security Administration told us the figure, excluding the Party, was seven. And an official of the Internal Security Division of the Department of Justice pointed out that only five of these seven in fact had final orders against them—adding that, in any event, all seven were now defunct.

When to Stop

We thought we had become hardened to the desperate measures that manufacturers and merchandisers are driven to at Christmastime in their tireless efforts to entice the giddy gift-giver. An advertisement for canned tomato, eggplant, asparagus, and squash candles, for example, inspired our feeblest grimace; that for a satellite bird feeder which twirls through space while chickadees, nuthatches, and titmice

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peck away at it, a slight gasp; the "perfect party gift"—a battery-operated beer glass that lights up "to add to your pleasure"—a weary closing of our eyes. But the proud announcement of a Balloon Drink Detective—"a thoughtful, meaningful gift for the Christmas stocking"—completely undid us. The gadget works this way:

"You blow up a balloon. This, at a party can be amusing and usually is, but our device has a more serious purpose—to test the amount of alcohol in your system . . . as a warning against driving while intoxicated . . . . it consists of the balloon and a clear tube of chemically sensitized crystals. Inflate the former, let the air filter through the latter and, in a moment, you know when to stop drinking, whether you can or shouldn't drive or take to your bed . . . . By Invento. Box (10 test sets) for . . . $5.00."

If anyone should put one in our battery-operated stocking while we're drinking from our battery-operated beer glass, we'll inflate the former, let the air filter through the latter, and take to bed.

Merry Christmas!

W. Somerset Maugham

With the death of Somerset Maugham, we have lost the ranking writer of the English-speaking world. Appraisals of his work were various, and in semi-serious moments he sometimes ranged himself with those of his critics who were doubtful of his lasting place in English letters. Certainly his work presented no new departures, no "school" was inspired by his way of writing, and there was no particular "message" for the present or the future. The world he wrote about has to some extent already passed.

But what Maugham gave was something that has become rare indeed these days: a cool, natural mastery of language, an unaffected understanding of the people he wrote about, and, perhaps most important of all, an ability to create stories—real stories, with beginnings, middles, and ends—that is unmatched by any living writer. It is difficult to see how, whatever literary fads and fancies may lie ahead, that can ever be forgotten.

This business of "getting what you pay for" certainly holds for liqueurs. Take Crème de Menthe, for example.

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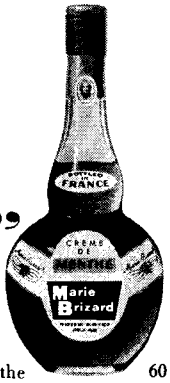

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Getting to Know the Enemy

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

"WE SHALL ALWAYS WIN if we know our enemy," said a National Liberation Front broadcast early this year. "We must neither overestimate the enemy nor underestimate him. We must not be subjective. We must assess the enemy's situation accurately." The Vietcong have not only given the highest priority to this elementary military precept; they have penetrated the South Vietnamese government forces so deeply that military security is always uncertain and sometimes nonexistent.

"The Front knows every detail concerning the planning of ARVN [Armed Forces of Vietnam] operations," said a Vietcong propaganda specialist who defected in the Saigon-Gia Dinh special sector early in the year. "We always know about the content of meetings between high-ranking American and Vietnamese officials." American officials in Saigon believe this is an exaggeration. But there are few with long experience in the field who have not suffered from the consequences of leaked plans.

By contrast, the Vietcong have always tried to present a faceless image. To have raised the banner in the name of Ho Chi Minh would have compromised the claim that the National Liberation Front was an indigenous South Vietnamese movement, just as building up the Front's leadership would have threatened Hanoi's goal: reunification under northern Communist control.

Even relatively senior Vietcong prisoners and defectors, both military and civilian, have little knowledge about their own hierarchy. "COSVN [the South Vietnam Committee] is directing the war, but I don't know who the secretary-general of COSVN is," said one party member. "I do know that the war is under the leadership of the Communist Party of North Vietnam, because COSVN is a branch of the party's central committee."

To know an enemy that knows so little about itself has posed obvious problems that in the past many preferred to avoid. Literally tons of captured Vietcong documents that presumably would have shed important light on tactics and methods, and even plans and intentions, went unindexed, unfiled, and even unread. No one seriously tried to collate, to analyze, or often even to tap the reservoirs of information in the possession of defectors, refugees, and prisoners of war.

ALONG WITH the American build-up, however, a major campaign has been launched to discover the facts about the Vietcong enemy. For many months now, a team of American specialists and scholars with Vietnamese assistants have been interrogating a wide range of prisoners and defectors, including those from both North and South Vietnam, together with refugees from Vietcong areas. More than six hundred have now been interviewed, some quite briefly, others over many hours and even days.

In evaluating the results of these interrogations, some of which run to many thousands of words, various qualifications need to be emphasized. Prisoners in the hands of Vietnamese government forces learn quickly that it pays to say what the interrogator wants to hear. Allowances need to be made, moreover, for the more acceptable forms of brainwashing, and especially for the difference in outlook between the man who has had his moment of truth and crossed the lines and the man whose moment is yet to come or may never do so. Still, it is obvious that the careful interrogation and analysis now in progress is a work of tremendous importance. We do not know everything about the enemy, but we know more about him than we knew before.

Some of this knowledge will come as a surprise. Five years ago, even one year ago, the Vietcong image in the countryside was very different from that so often portrayed by western propagandists and diplomats. The cadres were generally well liked in the villages and hamlets. Their propaganda apparatus was excellent, or at least far better than the government's.

"You are dealing with dedicated people," said the head of the study group, "people who know their line, people who work at it morning, noon, and night and would rather talk to one person than no person and two persons rather than one."

The Vietcong were "nice," a word that constantly cropped up in the interviews. They were thoughtful. They considered the man in his sit-

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uation and they did the "nice" thing. They shunned the press-gang methods of government recruiting officers and tax collectors. They talked and explained and persuaded. They won hearts and minds.

"We don't force people to join the ranks," said a main-force company commander who infiltrated from North Vietnam and was taken prisoner when wounded. "We make propaganda, and indoctrinate and educate the people in their duty in the face of the present situation. We don't recruit people from newly liberated areas, since they don't know anything about Front policy. When they understand our policy and volunteer to join, then we recruit them."

Once persuaded to join the Vietcong, recruits were well looked after. "If a man was affected too much by his feelings for his family, we had to organize musical entertainments or sports to make him forget," said one defector. "We also organized study courses for him."

There was terror, of course, but it was calculated terror and always used for good reason. Corrupt officials identified with the government cause were all too easy to find in the countryside, and few mourned their passing.

One of the senior analysts put it graphically: "The cadres asked the villagers a simple question: 'Is this man a tyrant?' 'Yes.' 'Should he be executed?' 'Yes.' And so he was executed—right there in front of God and everybody. These are old techniques but the Vietcong used them extremely well."

The Defectors

But they are not using these or any of their other techniques so well any more. As long as they had the time to be patient in the villages, the National Liberation Front's cadres made solid and consistent progress. Today they no longer have time to be "nice." By attempting to achieve a rapid military solution to the struggle, the Vietcong have begun to incur major vulnerabilities.

Both Vietcong and ARVN draw on the same source of recruits and both are now scraping the bottom of the barrel. The government recruits at eighteen; the Vietcong have reduced their induction age to fifteen. "We now have stories, I don't know how true they are, of kids being taken off into the jungle with ropes around their necks," said one of the interrogators. "This may be the bizarre, the extreme, but it indicates the difference now that the Vietcong are really hungry for manpower. They are not willing to wait. They are not willing to explain why they need tax contributions and so forth."

Instead of advancing gradually from the ranks of local guerrillas through regional forces into main-force regular formations, recruits are now drafted directly into main-force units. Their quality is dropping with their quantity. Unit pride is disappearing and with it the spirit of comradeship.

In an attempt to maintain their hold, the Vietcong cadres have tightened discipline, only to lose the co-operation of the troops. The 261st main-force battalion, for example, suffered two hundred casualties between the fall of 1964 and the spring of 1965, and today only one of its companies is composed of veterans. Even they have started to defect.

Where once there was mutual trust, there is now suspicion of anything unusual. One defector told how after he had shaved his head he was immediately haled before the cadres to explain himself. "The criticism sessions have multiplied," he said. "You can't argue if you are accused by a cadre and you won't get support from others, either." Like many others, he defected because of what he regarded as unfair criticism.

One prisoner reported that his entire company had defected, including the company commander, who had been with the Vietcong for eight years, and several platoon leaders with five or six years' service.

Morale problems are also common among the forces arriving from the North. The Northerners fear capture or death so far from home. A twenty-four-year-old lieutenant from North Vietnam, who arrived in command of a thirty-two-man unit in July, was both a member of the Lao Dong (Communist) Party and a doubter. Though he said he felt no strong doctrinal opposition to the government or the social system in North Vietnam, he did not want to serve in the South. When safe-conduct passes were dropped on his unit, the lieutenant decided to use one and surrender.

Even this officer did not claim that the North Vietnamese troops were cracking up. According to him, about three per cent were strongly opposed to service in the South, six per cent were eager to fight, and the rest were prepared to obey orders.

Another lieutenant captured in action reflected the sentiments of the dedicated hard core. "No matter how many troops the Americans land in South Vietnam, we will drag out this war and cause them to get bogged down," he said. "If necessary we will drag out this war for ten or twenty or more years. Even if the Americans increase their bombings of North Vietnam, the supply line will not be cut off."

The latter assertion is, unfortunately, true enough. And yet the problems of the Vietcong are mounting on all sides. These range from exaggerated fears of the effects of defoliation and crop spraying to a much more valid concern about the increasing mobility and firepower of the American and Vietnamese government forces.

Most Vietcong believe that the nontoxic sprays used against crops are poisonous, they have prescribed violent treatment, including the use of regurgitants, stomach pumps, and washing in a mixture of urine and crushed garlic, to counter their imagined effects. What is a cause for real surprise, however, is the effect of defoliation on military operations. Vietcong troops will not willingly enter sprayed areas, even though this means the abandonment of supply routes and ambush positions.

At the same time, increasing harassment, especially from the air, has kept them on the move. Many units now have orders to move daily, and are exhausted from lack of sleep and constant marching. Denied easy access to their own food dumps, they must acquire more food from the local population, a drain on peasant good will and their own meager financial resources, or carry more themselves, another serious problem.

At one time the Vietcong felt they could cope with air power. They devised ingenious listening devices

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to detect the approach of aircraft and helicopters, and fire plans for anti-aircraft defense. The arrival of stocks of Communist-bloc 50-mm. heavy machine guns put new heart into their ranks. Even the effect of napalm bombs, it was discovered, could be minimized by covering exposed trenches with damp cloth.

Digging deeper, deploying more widely, and moving quickly into attacks at close quarters have partially countered American air power, but these are tactics associated with offensive planning. Moreover, there is no positive defense against surprise attack when troops are moving. Formerly Vietcong orders were to fire on all aircraft; today they fire only when ordered. This is a difference that is fully reflected in morale. One defector told how his whole company played dead while fighter bombers attacked. "After each air attack I ran and felt disgusted," said another.

The Vietcong, like their Vietminh predecessors, are excellent night fighters. But to fight on one or two nights and to spend the remainder of the week resting is very different from the constant nightly movement that has become their lot in the open delta and coastal areas. In the principal secret bases, such as the Iron Triangle and the Maquis D, or War Zone D, as it is now called, years of patient and laborious effort to create a honeycomb of tunnels once provided immunity against surprise bombardment or land attack. But no tunnel system the Vietcong have yet built can withstand a B-52 attack. According to one French planter, the Vietcong in his area have reported the collapse of their tunnels within a radius of a kilometer of the bomb explosions. Digging deeper is one answer, but it will require much time and effort.

Setbacks in the Villages

To seek shelter in the villages is at present even less desirable. The momentum of their own war effort has forced the Vietcong to make heavier demands on the peasants not only in manpower but also in rice and money. Once the peasants gave freely; now they contribute under duress. Since the fall of 1964, Vietcong taxes have increased substantially and sometimes beyond the capacity of the peasants to pay. A village secretary who joined the Front in October, 1961, and defected last July said that his taxes had increased from 1,500 piastres in 1964 to 2,000 in 1965. His eldest brother, who owned a house with a floor space of sixty square meters, or less than 650 square feet, had to pay 20,000 piastres.

In other areas fourfold and even tenfold increases have been reported. The peasants are also forced to make other extra official food contributions, such as a handful of rice to be put aside at every meal for weekly collection by the Vietcong. There are also taxes on the harvest itself,

some of them so heavy that the villagers have become discouraged and find that it is no longer in their interest to increase production, since it only means that the Vietcong will get an even larger share.

Nor does this end the catalogue of peasant complaints. The Vietcong combat village once offered fair protection against government attack. With increased ARVN and American mobility, few if any villages can be successfully defended against a helicopter operation and all are vulnerable either to air or artillery attack. And, as the villagers are well aware, the more the Vietcong use the villages, either for shelter or to mount operations against the government or U.S. forces, the more likely they are to invite attack.

Indiscriminate and unobserved artillery fire and "free zone" bombing won many converts for the Vietcong in the past. Even today far too many futile acts of brutality against villagers are condoned or shrugged off. Yet the positive trend in the wide sample taken by the prisoner and defector interrogation teams is that the villagers today blame the Vietcong and not the Americans or the Vietnamese government for bombing and artillery attacks on villages occupied by the guerrillas.

A typical comment came from a defected village secretary in Gocong Province, who said that it had been bombed twice. "Did the villagers blame the Vietnamese government?" the questioner asked. "No," he replied. "They cast the blame on the Vietcong. Some old villagers reproached the guerrillas for having fired in the air, thus causing the government aircraft to strafe and bomb the village."

SINCE a high proportion of the more than 700,000 refugees are fugitives from Vietcong areas and from bombing, the contention that the villagers prefer to live in the government-held regions is convincing. Whether they will ultimately come to favor the government over the Vietcong, however, leads into the much more searching question of how best to exploit the Vietcong's difficulties.

"Get the Vietcong out of the Mekong Delta and into the High Plateau and we have it made," one analyst claims. But the Vietcong are not out of the delta, and it remains their main source of manpower, rice, money, and consumer goods. It is also a main supply route for war matériel landed clandestinely by sea in the strongly held swamplands at the mouths of the Mekong.

Pacification must be intensified, especially in the delta. The rehabilitation and resettlement of refugees in pacified areas is a complementary measure, as is an improved defector program. The Vietnamese officials have yet to learn that a man who surrenders with his feet, even in action, is halfway to surrendering with his mind.

What emerges most clearly from the experience of recent months, and from the trends revealed in the interrogations, is a new ability, once almost entirely a Vietcong prerogative, to manipulate the population. On one occasion before demolition

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bombing in the delta, the villagers were invited to leave what had always been a Vietcong region. To the general astonishment of most concerned, three thousand came out. Again, after a B-52 attack on a Vietcong secret base area, 1,700 people emerged.

To precipitate such a flow of refugees by these methods and to leave them in squalor once they have made their decision would be inhumane and anything but productive. Yet to ignore the opportunity would be to discard the only practicable and immediately available means of dividing the Vietcong from the rural population.

The situation calls for a much higher level of psychological warfare among the rural population. The villagers must know that if they harbor the Vietcong they will invite attack; thus they must be warned before attack. They must also have reason to believe that life as a refugee will afford opportunities that do not exist, and can never exist, under the Vietcong.

Driving In the Wedge

To care for the refugees is a matter of administration and money. To drive the wedge deeper between the Vietcong and the rural population, however, is largely a matter of surveillance. At this stage of the war, it cannot be accomplished on the ground. In the opinion of the senior American analyst, however, it can be achieved from the air. "We need more L-19 spotter planes to blanket the rural areas," he told me. "We should cover the same area with the same pilots all the time so that they can quickly detect any variation from the normal and represent both an immediate threat to the Vietcong and confirm the government presence there.

"The villagers must be warned, and they should know that after warning all Vietcong targets will be attacked. None of this is beyond our capability. We can keep aerial control. We can do it regionally or by village. We can encourage the villagers to deny food to the Vietcong, to drive out the Vietcong.

"We ought to increase our nighttime interdiction of the waterways in the delta and maintain the B-52 attacks on Vietcong base areas. Interference with mobility will break the Vietcong's back. Once they cease to be an effective offensive force, they will begin to wither. Don't just kill. Interfere with the Vietcong. Keep them under pressure. The ground sweep that doesn't make contact is still useful. This war is essentially different from the Indo-China War. People were ready to stick it out then. They were determined to get rid of the French. Now, despite the Vietcong propaganda, they are not necessarily anti-American or anti-government. My very strong impression is that the Vietcong are losing confidence."

Some of these conclusions may be excessively optimistic. In every phase of the insurgency since its beginning in 1959, wise men have seen clearly what ought to be done but have lacked the authority or the machinery to make the necessary changes.

The difference this time is that patient study has revealed much more about the Vietcong than we have ever known before. The veil has been lifted and some challenging weaknesses have been exposed. Better still, there are guidelines for action and a whole body of information on matters that have until now always been either a matter of guesswork or woefully inadequate intelligence. We are beginning to know the enemy.

Where Terror Is Practiced

EDMOND TAYLOR

DANANG

LAST AUGUST the United States Marines entered Hoa Long, a village some three and a half miles southeast of Danang, and cleaned out the Vietcong who had unofficially but effectively administered it for a number of years—despite the presence of a village chief nominally responsible to the provincial governor appointed by Saigon. Today, more than four months since it was restored to full government control, Hoa Long has reached what might be termed the shotgun level of security. There is now little danger of being sniped at from nearby Marble Mountain, a jungle-covered crag

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with outcroppings of stained white stone that rises a sheer thousand feet out of the coastal paddy fields like a landscape in an ancient Chinese silk painting. The risks of being caught in a surprise Vietcong attack or of falling into a substantial Vietcong ambush are even less. A reinforced Marine battalion is based only a mile or so away, and Marine patrols comb the surrounding countryside twenty-four hours daily. Moreover, Hoa Long has a vigilant and energetic police chief and its own protective force of Popular Force militiamen armed with carbines. Yet a visitor arriving there in broad daylight—only the Vietcong pay visits after dark in this area—is usually given a Marine escort armed with a shotgun just in case he might encounter a prowling assassin.

Why They Are Afraid

"Wouldn't the people tell you or the police chief if they saw a suspicious stranger skulking about?" I asked the village chief, an alert, youthful-looking man named Huynh Suu. "Some of them might," he answered, "but a great many would be afraid to report such a thing."

"But why are the people still afraid?" I persisted. "There aren't any more Vietcong cadres in the village."

"The Vietcong aren't in the village," Huynh replied, "but they are still hiding in the mountain or somewhere nearby in the countryside and at night they hold meetings and force people from the village to attend. At these meetings they warn the people that if anyone is seen talking to the Marines or to me or the police chief they will be killed, so naturally everyone is afraid."

"Don't the people think the Marines can protect them?"

"Maybe the Marines can protect us in the daytime, but there aren't any Marines in the village after dark. That is why I only come to my office here in the daytime; at night I sleep with my whole family inside the Marine compound—just like all the other village and hamlet chiefs around here. What else can we do? If I stayed here at night I know I would be killed and so would my wife and children."

"Is the risk really so great?"

Huynh Suu smiled grimly. "It depends on how you count it," he said. "In this district we average one government official murdered per week. My colleague in the next village thought it was safe for him to sleep at home because there was a permanent Marine detachment guarding a bridge fifty yards away. Yet the Vietcong slipped up one night and threw a grenade through the bars of his window. He was lucky to get off with a broken arm. Now he sleeps in the Marine compound like the rest of us. Then just a couple of weeks ago a hamlet chief near here was kidnapped by the

Vietcong at noon within two hundred yards of a Marine outpost. So you see what we are up against."

"How many Vietcong killers are there in this area?"

"Only six—but they are a special suicide squad, and their leader, who comes from this village, has already killed more than thirty people with his own hands."

Huynh, who had already been chief of Hoa Long for nearly two years when for all practical purposes it was under Vietcong control and who had nonetheless somehow managed to survive, seemed to be taking a gloomy relish in his report on Vietcong terrorism. I was curious to see his reaction to a proposal that has been put forward from time to time by certain Vietnamese counter-insurgency experts for dealing with the kind of situation that prevails in Hoa Long. "You must have a few men in the village you can trust," I remarked. "Wouldn't it be possible to arm them so they could defend themselves against these six killers?"

"Nobody would dare to accept the arms," the chief answered. "They know they would be killed by the Vietcong."

I gave up then, but after talking with another village chief—the one whose arm was injured and who now cannot step out of his office in broad daylight unless accompanied by his two-man Marine bodyguard—I came to the conclusion that Huyhn's pessimism was not wholly unfounded. Marine officers from the battalion operating in the area admitted that they did not have enough manpower available to give complete twenty-four-hour protection to all the villages.

A Talent for Terror

Probably there are some local factors that make the security problem in the Marble Mountain sector peculiarly difficult to cope with, and in other sectors of the Marine bridgeheads along the coast near Danang it seemed to me that more imaginative efforts were being made to solve it. But the situation at Hoa Long illustrates the basic problem of pacification in this country, at least in areas that have been under direct or indirect Vietcong control for a long time—and a large section of South Vietnam still is.

The Vietcong are probably the most talented terrorists the modern world has ever seen, both in regard to the techniques of murder and in regard to its psychological exploitation. As the example of Hoa Long demonstrates, a handful of ruthless, fearless killers can negate both military power and enlightened political leadership. The real threat in Vietnam is not the North Vietnamese military invasion but Hanoi's skillful manipulation of its underground terrorist, sabotage, and subversion networks. Negotiated settlement might lift the military menace from South Vietnam but, if anything, would leave the country more vulnerable than ever to the threat of terror.

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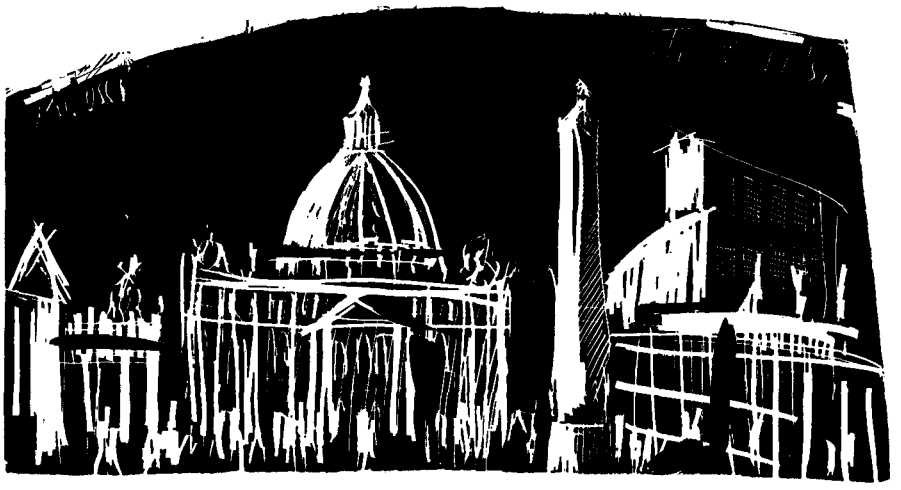

The Catholic Aggiornamento

OSBERT HASTINGS

ROME

IT IS OVER. The magenta wave of two thousand and more prelates disengaging daily from the architectural embrace of St. Peter's in comfortable time for lunch—as brilliant a sight as any of the bus tours could offer in the three years of the Council's intermittent sittings—has broken for the last time and dispersed, leaving behind it something of a void, a sense of relief and the impression of having achieved its aims but fallen short of hopes. Except in one respect: this twenty-first General Council of the Roman Church suddenly, surprisingly, and quite immoderately made news of religion.

We are supposed to be living in an unreligious age. One of the thoughts that prompted John XXIII to summon the Council was that religion had failed to mean anything significant to a great number of nominal Christians. To any reasonably skeptical mind the ecumenical movement itself—the whole movement toward Christian unity and not just this Council, which was ecumenical only to Roman Catholics—owes much of its impulse to the feeling of emergency: that faith, any organized faith, including the various Christian churches, is faltering. Divided they might very well fail; united they still have a chance. John had the cause of Christian unity much at heart when he called the Council. It has made a substantial contribution toward Christian unity but has avoided giving an inspired or inspiring lead. The real measure will only be seen, as with other aspects of the Council's work, in the way it is applied.

ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECTS will be nowhere near so useful to the cause of religion, or for that matter to the cause of unity, as the fact that from the last Sunday in January, 1959, when John told his cardinals about his decision, the world, in an unprecedented way, has wanted to read more about religion. This result was not engineered by the Vatican or, later, by the Council itself. The Vatican's handling of its own output of news is notably unprofessional. The Council's own document dealing with the modern means of communication—a decree passed at the end of the Second Session on December 4, 1963, after a desultory debate—is by far the weakest product of the entire proceedings, and **only** people with a rather low estimate of such institutions as television, radio, and newspapers would have agreed to let it be issued. (It was rivaled in lack of quality and thought by the decree on the lay apostolate, but it was considerably less impressive than even that.)

To be sure, an observant prelate might have looked up from his text on the means of communication to think for a moment that, well, if newspapers were giving such ample coverage to subjects like the sources of divine revelation, clerical celibacy, the relationships in the original apostolic college between Peter and the others, or the vernacular Mass, they were already doing much of the work of bringing the Roman Church and the contemporary world on to a good nodding acquaintanceship.

The Curia Loses a Battle

The other documents were better. Without much doubt the best of them was the *De Ecclesia*, on the nature of the Church, passed finally and promulgated at the end of the Third Session on November 21, 1964. Pure history is involved here in the big step taken by the Council to solve an old problem that in the past had proved as costly as any to the Church: the reconciliation of papal absolutism with the rights claimed by the bishops.

Despite the weight of intellect on both sides during the conciliar controversies of the later Middle Ages, no satisfactory answer emerged to what essentially was and is the same problem. That failure made it certain that the protests of the reformers would necessarily become a revolt. The sixteenth-century Council of Trent met during the turmoils of the Reformation and the Counter Reformation. One of its inevitable consequences was a much greater centralization of Church government in Rome; it was in the years following Trent that much of the Roman Curia's present character and structure was formed. The next Council—the First Vatican Council and the only one between Trent and the Council just concluding—ended prematurely in 1870 with a rushed motion approved on papal supremacy and infallibility but nothing on the

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rest of the Church, thus even more heavily overloading the bent of history. It would have gone on to discuss these other matters if the Pope had not at that point had his temporal rule over Rome taken away by the arrival of Piedmontese troops.

Now a synod of bishops has been set up, and the Pope has promised to call it during 1967. This body is the practical expression of the doctrine of episcopal collegiality contained in the *De Ecclesia* and, in rather more practical terms, in the document on bishops and the government of dioceses. It is to be drawn in great part from the national hierarchies. To complete it, the Council has enhanced the importance of national episcopal conferences, which will enjoy a measure of responsibility for particular countries or regions, and has encouraged their establishment where they do not as yet exist. From the first of the Council's decrees to be promulgated, that dealing with the sweeping liturgical changes, the principle was established that bishops in their own areas would have a much freer hand.

But far more than pure history is involved. A number of equations have been drawn up on this whole subject. To a traditionalist, the doctrine of collegiality represents a danger to the papal supremacy, which in turn has long been regarded by the liberals as the great umbrella beneath which the rooted conservatives of the Curia grew in influence and pretensions. To the liberals, collegiality did not mean a danger to papal supremacy but to the Curia, which hit back with the best weapons at its disposal. These included crying heresy, and bringing it to the Pope's mind at every opportunity that he might well go down in history as the Pope who broke the prerogatives of the throne entrusted to him. But they lost. Collegiality emerged as the key word of the Council.

How will it work in practice? It is unwise to guess. The words are there on paper. So is a request to reform the Roman Curia. The Pope was prompt to accept the idea of a group of bishops drawn mainly from outside Rome who would collaborate with him in the church's government, giving advice and sometimes having deliberative powers. Most of the bishops themselves are happy because they feel that an injustice has been removed by correcting a distortion in the upper structure of the Church as well as providing a means for keeping a stricter eye on the Curia officials—who are looked upon, quite rightly, as a powerful, only semi-porous rampart between the bishops and the Pope, given to behave as if most of their actions were pretty well papal in force whether or not the Pope knows what they are doing.

The Curia has had a shocking press. But then, it has *been* fairly shocking. Added to this, there is the tendency to regard a group of liberal prelates gathered together in the name of Council business as a serious, shining body of blameless men, while two or three reactionaries are taken to mean some black plot or other. That is because the more moderate type of prelate is accustomed

to move in the world, to discuss matters freely with journalists as with anyone else, whereas the conservatives, with only a few exceptions, are more narrow, more defensive, and more apprehensive.

The Pope himself has the habit of saying no less than his real intentions and no more. But it is rather after the event than before it that the full precision of the statements of this most precise of pontiffs comes clear. He has now said that reforms are necessary in the Curia, though he does not intend to touch its structure. The powers of the Holy Office, the department responsible for all matters concerning faith and morals, are being modified. Its personnel will change, but gradually. All this, as far as it goes, will happen. And the synod of bishops will meet in 1967. What sort of final aim the Pope has in mind, the exact point to which in practice he will go (in practice he can be far more radical than he sounds) will be revealed by his actions, not his discourses. What is clear beyond everything else is the strengthening of the Pope's hand in having the synod of bishops available to be called when he thinks fit, to offset tendencies in Rome itself to close those windows in the apostolic palaces which John called a Council to throw open.

Three Precedents . . .

Pope and bishops are one thing. The object of the Council, though, was to deal with the relationship of the Roman Church to modern life. This second theme emerges with reasonable honors from the Council process. The important manifestations of real change in this direction are contained in the declaration on religious liberty, and, as might be expected, in the so-called Schema 13, dealing specifically with the place of the Church in the modern world. Its number seems to have remained with it just because people thought 13 an appropriate figure, considering the amount of rewriting performed on it by the unfortunate commission responsible for its drafting; the documents were not officially numbered but this one was thirteenth on the list of seventeen drafts to which the seventy original documents prepared for the Council were reduced. This draft and the declaration on religious liberty were among the final documents promulgated at the Council; and in the sense of *aggiornamento*, as John XXIII described the process of bringing the Church up to date, they represent a climax.

The real point is not just that the Roman Church, after all these centuries, has managed to argue its way to acceptance of the theory of religious liberty, though this in itself is a historic departure. Nor is the real point of Schema 13 that a General Council of the Roman Church is for the first time turning to address the world at large on contemporary subjects—again without precedent. What matters is that both documents reveal a new and rather unexpected attitude toward governments and the state or, to put it another way, a clearer insistence on the Church's spiritual independence. They have shifted sharply away

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from the civil authorities, whether the governments mainly concerned are friendly or unfriendly toward the Church.

In the passages dealing with modern war there is no longer a careful phrase condoning the possession of nuclear weapons for deterrent purposes. To have inserted it, said some of the fathers, would have been hypocrisy; to knock out the condoning phrase might be taken, so one American archbishop said, as a slur on American policy. But this is not the point either, except insofar as a majority of the prelates were willing to put a degree of principle ahead of a consideration of international politics. There is a new insistence on the rights of conscientious objectors. (The Italian government has already had to announce that it would listen favorably to proposals for changes on this score in Italian legislation, which, like French law, does not recognize conscientious objection.) The declaration on religious liberty contains an explicit statement that governments have a certain obligation to encourage and foster the religious life of their subjects but not to seek to direct or impede it.

. . . and a Pragmatic Omission

The magenta wave has been anxious to wash back the pretensions of the state, and the result is a more recognizably religious approach to modern problems on the Church's part. To this may be added the extremely pragmatical approach to Communism; so pragmatical that the tiresome word is never mentioned in the whole of the document covering the Church in the modern world, an omission which only a few years ago would have seemed like forgetting the devil himself.

The total impact is interesting to anyone at all concerned with the future of power relationships as well as religion. It is disconcerting to anyone brought up on the traditional idea that the Roman Church is the firmest ally in the struggle against Communism, a friend succoring the efforts of the Allied governments to keep peace through multiplying their potential for war, and the clearinghouse of consciences stricken by the thought of the continued existence, in a rich world, of very poor countries and of famine.

A great deal is changing in what the Church was thought to stand for. Particularly in the fourth and final session there was the feeling that the Church, in addressing the civil authorities, was saying something to the effect of: Right, you may have this policy or that, some or all of which we have blessed in the past, but not now. We will not prop up your moral defenses by smiling on a growing arsenal of atomic weapons, nor condemn your enemies with moral fervor. We do not wish to be listed as part of the capitalist system. It was in fact Cardinal Wyszynski, the Polish primate, who argued most eloquently in the Council for the clear adoption of social policies condemning the infringements of human personality in both Communism and capitalism. The Council made clear that it did not wish to be aligned with colonialist or ex-colonialist powers (some groanings in the graves of the sixteenth-century missionaries who imposed the Christian faith as a first justification for settling new worlds) but was willing to back international bodies as a hope for the future of the world. This entire attitude, which has been shaped by the four sessions under the leadership of two remarkable Popes, was given its immediate practical application by Pope Paul VI's journey to New York and the tenor of his speech to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

THERE ARE two sets of reasons why the Roman Church should have emerged from its Council with a different outlook on contemporary problems. The first is in the realm of ideas. John XXIII wanted to keep his Council pastoral in character, and therefore free of condemnations. Paul VI has faithfully followed John's outlook because from the beginning of the pontificate he had taken the legacy of John as his own, clothing it in a different style but keeping to the stuff of it. That was why Pope Paul himself, by all reports, insisted on rejecting the petition said to have been signed by 450 bishops in late September pleading for an outright condemnation of Communism by the Council.

The second set of reasons was very practical. The Russian Orthodox Church sent its observers to the Council; Schema 13 speaks of the aim of a "fruitful and prudent dialogue" with atheism; in Eastern Europe the Vatican's Secretariat of State has negotiations in hand that have already produced a measure of agreement with the Hungarian and Czechoslovak authorities and could well do more to improve the position of the Church in Communist countries. It would be pointless to condemn in advance the people with whom your present talks are having some effect, to say nothing of the prospective dialogue. Perhaps the ecumenical side enters these calculations quite deeply; much of the Orthodox Church lies in Communist territory, and an ecclesiastical split along ideological lines would simply deepen an ancient division.

New Nations, Ancient Faiths . . .

None of this means that the Roman Church has given up its rejection of Communism. It has simply given up the attitude of attempting to reduce an opponent by anathemas. The sections on atheism in the document on the Church in the modern world reject it obviously enough, and they also describe Communism itself in readily recognizable terms as a political form of systematic atheism and deplore that as well. The grounds are, first, atheism's mistake in regarding full personal independence as incompatible with the existence of God; and second, the violence and persecuting tendencies shown toward religion when exponents of this atheism achieve political power.

Nor does it mean that the Church has turned anti-western. The lesson has been learned that the views of the Africans and Asians must now be given full scope. The Pope appears to have evolved the outlook that young undeveloped countries, fast changing their ways and losing the habits of mind imposed by centuries, need something the Roman Catholic Church is in a unique position to give: a doctrine both social and religious to fill the void. It is an ambitious view. It accounts for the Pope's choosing to go to India on his second journey, after the Holy Land and before New York.

The Council itself issued its declaration on non-Christian religions,

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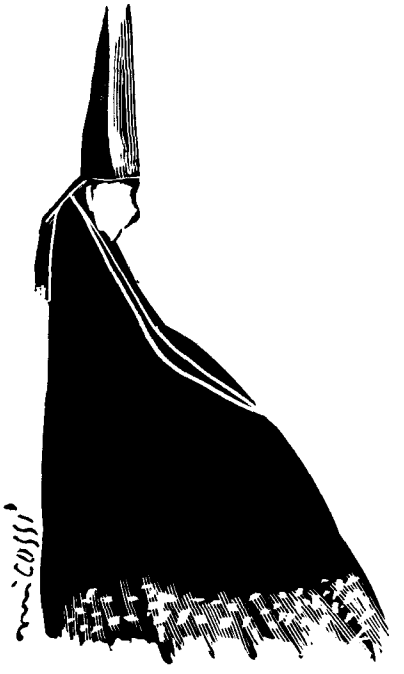
which spoke with kindness and respect of other people's beliefs. The document was notable for two reasons: it was a perfect example of the Vatican's policy of seeking what binds rather than what divides; and it contained, as its final chapter, the celebrated exoneration of the Jewish race from collective and lasting guilt for the events of Christ's passion. The actual word "deicide" was removed from the final version; but once the fact is forgotten that the word was ever used at all, there can be little doubt that the declaration does what it set out to do—to remove, however tardily, a nasty piece of ancient injustice and one that John XXIII was personally most anxious to put right. It was carried despite heavy pressures from the Arab governments to stop it, and despite severe misgivings from some of the Arab patriarchs who did not see how they could explain to their flocks, who for so long had condemned the Jews in their prayers, why they should accept the change.

. . . Final Truth, Present Rights

The Council fathers have done their wrangling. The important question left open, now that they have dispersed, is how and how much of their requirements will be put in force. They have revealed to an astonished world that fresh thinking is more characteristic of the Roman Church than the old idea of a monolith, self-contained and hieratic. More significant was that the overwhelming majority of bishops either were, or decided during these four sessions that they were essentially if moderately liberal on most questions, even if many of the issues debated were unheard-of by many of them when the Council first was called.

Many prelates learned a good deal. They now have a twofold problem. They want to see their deliberations put properly into practice, which means watching the work of the postconciliar commissions and the conduct of the Roman Curia. And they want the ground prepared in their own dioceses for the changes to come, because they are aware that while they have had this Rome experience, their parish priests have not. Yet, without that experience, the priests must digest, first, the liturgical changes approved at the Second Session and already introduced in many countries; second, the ideas contained in the decree on ecumenism passed at the Third Session, which unequivocally places the Church as a whole—and not just the Secretariat for Christian Unity—in active support of ecumenical efforts; third, the attitude that the Catholic Church may possess the truth in its unique fullness but no longer claims the right to impose



this truth forcibly—the truth, in other words, has a special destiny but no special rights. And that is a hard lesson for many Catholics to learn.

The 'Rock' and the Future

The hopes aroused by the Council, as opposed to its stated aims, could never have been fulfilled. Catholics and non-Catholics, on hearing John's intention (which John himself believed to be divinely inspired in the old-fashioned Christian way with which he approached *aggiornamento*), were inclined to suppose that it would sweep away everything they personally disliked about the Catholic Church, and accentuate features agreeable to them.

Some people felt, for instance, and still do, that a useful sign of the times would be for the prelates to put aside their fine clothes and the visual richness of their ceremonial and show themselves as Christians unadorned. Pope Paul put the idea to the test when on November 13, 1964, he offered his tiara as a symbolic gift to the poor. After all, much of the debate on the Schema 13 was about the problems of hunger and poverty. No other prelate followed what he had meant as an invitation to others to reduce their finery. A cash collection was begun, and the tiara was next seen in the hands of Cardinal Spellman.

Others were for a reduction in the claims of the papal supremacy. Instead they found the present Pope inclined to talk much more of the prerogatives and authority of his great office than his predecessor did, and with the precision natural to him he has devised the episcopal synod in such a way as to avoid as far as possible any suggestion as far as it trespasses on papal territory. As the magenta wave receded, it was clear that it had not washed away the rock.

FINALLY, almost everyone looked to the Council for a rethinking of the Catholic opposition to birth control. This is an international problem; it is also a pastoral one, because no one can doubt that in supposedly Roman Catholic countries methods of birth control rejected by the Church as sinful are not only on sale but regularly used. The Pope took over the subject. The Council was able to do no more than offer a fresh theological approach to Christian marriage, which because of the breadth with which it could be interpreted, was adapted to new outlooks on the problem. The Council turned from a fixation on procreation and sin, and pointed to the value of a satisfactory relationship in marriage and a devolution of responsibility to individual consciences. In theory it left open the possibility of advance.

This subject alone might have convinced any doubters of John's good sense in keeping this Council free of condemnations, because the tendency of the Church in the past to condemn what was new has naturally made uphill work of some of the business of *aggiornamento*, which was John's principal aim.

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Politics and the Poor: Shriver's Second Thoughts

JULES WITCOVER and ERWIN KNOLL

WASHINGTON

WHEN the President declared war on poverty last year and appointed Sargent Shriver to lead the fight, the talk was all about bold experimentation that would supplant the conventional techniques of public welfare. The talk is more subdued today. Pressures from the groups that have traditionally presided over public welfare—City Hall and the professional social workers—are forcing Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity to retreat from its innovations, particularly from the concept of arming the poor with the power to improve their lot.

Shriver and his aides deny that they are giving ground to local politicians and welfare professionals. They contend they are merely following through on the original OEO concept of co-ordinating local anti-poverty projects under single community action "umbrella" agencies. But the fact is that OEO is now requiring virtually all hitherto independent projects to be funded through local City Hall-appointed or -approved agencies.

A controversial OEO-financed effort to organize the poor in Syracuse, New York, is a case in point. On December 8, Shriver was confronted by an angry twenty-man delegation from the slums and public housing projects of Syracuse who had driven all night to Washington to tell him that he was leading them "back down the slaughter trail." OEO had ruled that starting next March 1, their organization, the Syracuse Community Development Association, must seek its funds through the private but City Hall-endorsed umbrella agency, the Crusade for Opportunity. Through a hastily mobilized protest group called the People's War Council Against Poverty, the organized poor of Syracuse charged that "OEO is abandoning the idea that the poor should be helped to build organizations totally of, by, and for the poor . . . without even giving it half a chance." The War Council contends that the traditional agency depends too much on local institutions and industry for money to be able to fight poverty with weapons and through organizations of the poor that might offend those big donors.

Unfeasible Maximums

At the core of the Syracuse controversy—and most of the disputes that have racked the war on poverty from Los Angeles to Philadelphia—is the question of "maximum feasible participation" of the poor in the planning and direction of anti-poverty projects. Congress wrote that nebulous phrase into the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964, but local officeholders have been inclined to put more stress on the "feasible" than on the "maximum." The Crusade for Opportunity in Syracuse, with twelve "indigenous neighborhood representatives," OEO jargon for poor people, on its thirty-four-man policymaking board of directors, is fairly typical of the ratio of representation for which OEO has been striving on community action agencies. To the city's militant poor, it merely means being outnumbered two to one.

OEO has never attempted to define "maximum feasible participation." Not long ago Shriver told a Chicago audience that the relationship of the poor to the war on poverty could be compared to that of a client to an architect—"participating" in the planning without doing the actual designing. Confusion and conflict have also attended OEO's attitude toward the conventional welfare approach. Last May, in a defiant speech to the National Conference on Social Welfare, Shriver pointedly declared, "There are many who think working with the poor is their own exclusive province." But six months later, appearing before the American Public Welfare Association, he "humbly" asked for "your help in creating new programs."

Behind this apparent reappraisal is a growing awareness of the political repercussions of Federal financing of organizations created to help the poor "fight City Hall."

Warning signals were plain to read as far back as June, when the U.S. Conference of Mayors held its annual meeting in St. Louis. The mayors' executive committee approved a resolution urging OEO to recognize existing or City Hall-endorsed local agencies as the proper channel for community action. They formed a new anti-poverty committee under Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, whose own program has been under continuing attack for failing to involve the poor. Among the committee's members is Mayor William F. Walsh of Syracuse. Daley and other members met a few days later with Vice President Humphrey and Theodore M. Berry, the community action chief of OEO, to express their concern over the agency's support of such ventures as the independent Syracuse experiment. Humphrey, according to John J. Gunther, executive director of the Conference of Mayors, said that the administration recognized the indispensability of local government participation and planned to work closely with the mayors. The Vice President re-emphasized this position in August in a speech before the National League of Cities. "I can tell you now that your important role is assured in this program," Humphrey told the mayors. "I'm your built-in Special Agent to make sure that you are represented in this program twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. I've been hired for you." Inside OEO, it is widely suspected that Humphrey has received—and issued—instructions to defuse the more explosive aspects of the war on poverty and hold conflicts with the mayors to a minimum.

ON CAPITOL HILL, where the militant poor thought they had found a champion in Representative Adam Clayton Powell of New York, retreat also appears to be the order of the day. Last spring Powell, as chairman of the House Education and Labor Committee, conducted hearings on the war on poverty and

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sharply criticized City Hall dominance of community action programs in Chicago and New York. Today he talks of striking a compromise between "unfortunate extremes." Powell observed at a press conference a few weeks ago that the anti-poverty program in Chicago is characterized by "minimum feasible participation of the poor and maximum participation of the politicians." But in Newark, New Jersey, he added, the program is "so politically pure that it has antagonized all of the city councilmen and ignored the mayor." Powell concluded: "Somewhere between Chicago's maximum participation of the politicians and Newark's feasible participation of the poor is an administrative middle ground which should be established."

The middle-ground concept is in keeping with OEO's new approach. On the eve of Powell's pronouncement, Shriver listed six groups that should be involved in local anti-poverty efforts, beginning with "governmental groups" and ending with "the poor." The others were philanthropic, religious, and labor organizations, and what he called "enlightened businessmen."

Developers and Crusaders

The decision to curtail the Syracuse organizing-the-poor project tells much about the extent of OEO's changing attitude toward involvement of the poor. Mayor Walsh is a Republican who was coming up for re-election, while the Syracuse Community Development Association, in the course of establishing nine neighborhood groups of the poor, helped register 2,500 new voters—almost all as Democrats. The performance might have been expected to merit support from the Johnson administration, for until 1964, when Barry Goldwater disrupted the area's voting patterns, Syracuse's Democrats had not been able to elect a Congressman in fifty-two years. In fact, however, the activities of the poor-organizers created a backlash vote that gave Walsh a resounding victory last month.

The project was originally submitted to OEO as a two-year test of the feasibility of organizing the poor into a politically self-assertive segment of the community. In February, OEO granted Syracuse University $314,000 to cover the first nine months, with the understanding that the program would be financed for another fifteen months if it showed promise. The project had two parts —the training of twenty student organizers by the university's Community Action Training Center (CATC), and field work by these twenty in three poverty target areas of the city. Saul D. Alinsky, the Chicago sociologist and professional organizer of the poor, was hired by the university as a consultant to CATC, but not with Federal funds and not to run the demonstration project. However, one of Alinsky's protégés, Fred W. Ross, heads the field organizing team, and the techniques used—"rubbing raw the sores of discontent" to mobilize militant neighborhood protest—are basic Alinsky tactics.

From the outset the project drew protests from civic groups, which put so much pressure on the university that a new organization, the Syracuse Community Development Association, was created with OEO approval to do the actual organizing under a subcontract. It mobilized about 2,200 adults in nine neighborhood organizations. The newly organized poor picketed City Hall and local housing and welfare agencies. At one point, eleven mothers staged a sit-in at the welfare office because they did not receive allotment checks for their children's clothing. They were arrested, and when OEO funds were used to bail them out, the mayor charged misuse of Federal money. It was one of several incidents cited by local officials who deplored the "excesses" of a Federal program using a local community as a social laboratory.

Actually, the present crisis gripping the Syracuse demonstration was anticipated by an OEO inspector sent to the scene last spring, when the first rumblings of the local controversy were heard in Washington. The question in Syracuse, he reported, is that "A precedent of retreat in Syracuse would mean that all community action funds would be administered through a power-structured set-up. This means a continuation of existing programs which have not succeeded so far—in Syracuse or elsewhere. As I read it, if existing agencies were doing the job, there wouldn't be any need for OEO." If the demonstration were to be put under the Crusade's umbrella, the inspector concluded, "I predict it would be cut to ribbons in short order." For a time, Shriver seemed to read it this way too, and extension of the grant by the November 30 renewal date was expected.

AT THE last minute, however, Shriver's new deputy director, Bernard L. Boutin, widely regarded within the agency as Johnson's man, recommended disapproval of the extension. Shriver worked out a compromise: the sponsors of the demonstration project were given a three-month extension and directed to apply for further funds through the officially sanctioned local community action agency, the Crusade for Opportunity. When the decision became known in Syracuse, the university pointed out that it had a legal right to seek its funds directly from OEO, whereupon the compromise was further compromised. OEO ruled that the university's training phase of the program would continue to be financed independently, while the community action phase would be handled through the local Crusade. "You should understand," OEO advised the university by telegram, "that if the Crusade for Opportunity should fail to approve, the Community Development Association may appeal that action to OEO under established procedures. . . . We wish to make clear that this procedure in no way represents any lack of confidence of OEO in this program and is an effort to facilitate closer co-ordination of local CAP action programs."

Such assurances notwithstanding, OEO's decision may kill the organizing project. Federal officials say that an accommodation will have to be worked out locally, but there is no sign the directors of the demonstration project will even try. "Why should we?" one of them asked. "We ought to be the umbrella agency—not them."

Basic to the Alinsky type of organizing is the formation of an "organization of organizations" at a convention in which the smaller neighborhood groups are welded into a bloc that can really fight City

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Hall. Such a convention is not scheduled for the Syracuse groups until March, by which time the last of the OEO money will have been used up. The Syracuse militants are talking about raising their own funds. They have a $30,000 pledge from the Episcopal Diocese of Central New York, but that leaves them far short of meeting their budget.

The OEO decision, according to Edward McGuire, director of the Syracuse Community Development Association, "raises a very serious national question—whether OEO is going to fund any independent programs anywhere. If they can't fund an independent program in this city, with the opposition party in control, where can they? This is the only demonstration of its kind, and if it's abandoned here, it means this approach is being abandoned for the whole war on poverty." And Alinsky has said that to criticize the project for refusing to seek its funds through the agency endorsed by City Hall "is like saying a Jew doesn't want to go to a Nazi Court." For his part, Shriver has denied that the OEO intends to hinder creation of organizations of the poor. The Syracuse project has been successful, he said, so successful that it can no longer be justified as a separate demonstration outside the umbrella agency. But this does not mean that he thinks the "Alinsky approach" should be applied elsewhere. "We're not going to tell any city that it has to use any particular method to involve the poor," he told us. "Our demonstrations are set to test ideas. . . . Once a structure exists, it's like all others and should come through the community action agency." « »

How the Government Won The Third Liuzzo Trial

ADAM CLYMER

EARLY IN December the Federal government succeeded—where the state of Alabama had twice failed—in convicting the killers of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo. The jury, the legal charge, the court, and the judge were different, the prosecutor new at least to the courtroom stage of the case, but the evidence remained the same: Mrs. Liuzzo had been killed shortly after the Selma-to-Montgomery Freedom March last spring while driving along with a young Negro Protester near Hayneville in Lowndes County. An FBI informer, Gary Thomas Rowe, had testified to being in the company of Collie Leroy Wilkins, Jr., Eugene Thomas, and William Orville Eaton when they set out armed to make trouble for the Freedom Marchers and killed Mrs. Liuzzo on impulse when they saw her with the Negro.

The government's charge against the three defendants—violation of an old Federal civil-rights conspiracy law—altered the shape of the case, and the jury was of a higher caliber than the one at Hayneville that had exonerated Wilkins on a straight murder charge in October. But it was Federal District Judge Frank M. Johnson, Jr., and John Doar, Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights turned Federal prosecutor, who set the tone for the trial.

Through their efforts, a jury of twelve Alabama white men upheld a law passed by Congress during Reconstruction which makes it a crime for two or more persons to "conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States or because of his having so exercised the same."

No conviction under this law had withstood appeals of various sorts since a 1915 voting case. Never in this century had it been successfully used as a weapon against alleged brutality in violation of civil rights. Appellate courts have repeatedly narrowed its application so that now it covers only "Federally created rights"—and apparently there are few of those—when the defendant has the idea of attacking one or more of these specific rights as a motive. But neither the law itself nor the relative skill of the state and Federal officials was as significant as the question implicit in Judge Johnson's charge to the jury that it must reach its decision without regard for "political or sociological causes or movements": Was it possible for a Southern jury to try a civil-rights case fairly and convict on evidence of guilt? After Wilkins's acquittal only a few weeks earlier, the whole world had decided that the answer was "No."

The Judge and the Jury

In his Montgomery courtroom, Judge Johnson demands jury panels that represent a cross section of the twenty-three counties in his district. Where Federal law requires at least three hundred names in the jury box from which the venire is picked, Johnson requires more than three thousand. His commissioners spend a lot of time on the road, seeking out what they call a "responsible cross section." In contrast, the Justice Department, bringing its first jury-discrimination suit into the Federal court in Montgomery the week before, had proved in meticulous detail how a handful of familiar jurors had served again and again in the Hayneville court. Among those most often called was Thomas L. Coleman—on the venire for his own trial when he was charged with murdering Episcopal seminarian Jonathan Daniels.

The Federal court's handling of potential jurors differed, too. Johnson himself questioned the venire, keeping the lawyers out of the show. Racial inquiries were few. All fifty-eight who were interrogated said they could try the case fairly, although fifty-five had read or heard about it. When it was finally chosen, the jury was composed of an insurance man from Montgomery and eleven other white men from various small towns in the Middle District of Alabama: five merchants, two farmers, a city superintendent of schools, a contractor, an oil jobber, and a homebuilder. Johnson had the group locked in a hotel every night; their television viewing was monitored, and all courtroom and racial

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news was cut out of their newspapers.

In other ways, the judge left no doubt that he was in full charge of the courtroom. No one came or went except at recesses or when a new witness was called. The gallery, a fairly small number of Negroes and whites, behaved quietly. Though known Klansmen looked on and Wilkins and Thomas sported Klan insignia, the Klan was not permitted to make its presence felt as it had in Hayneville. And the emotional approach of defense attorney Arthur Hanes, so effective in the second Hayneville trial in October, was kept in check by the formal atmosphere Judge Johnson maintained.

If the quality of the jury and the firmness of the judge seemed to make the prosecution's task easier, the Reconstruction statute on which its charge was based did not. Hanes, an ex-FBI agent and ex-Mayor of Birmingham, sought to quash the indictment on the ground that the victim's rights under the Fourteenth Amendment were not protected by the 1870 law. But Johnson refused to go along with this reasoning, which had led to dismissals in recent Georgia and Mississippi rights killings. He held that the Liuzzo case was different, because the alleged conspiracy was directed against his own court order of March 17 permitting the Selma-Montgomery march as well as against voting and the free use of public highways. This was Hanes's last serious legal effort. During the trial he concentrated on an emotional appeal to the jury, on contradictions in the prosecution's time sequence, and on some dubious but generally irrelevant testimony by government witnesses.

A lawyer with a different background would almost surely have raised a double-jeopardy objection to the trial of Wilkins. (Eaton and Thomas have not yet been brought to trial on the murder charge.) It is true that as recently as 1959 the Supreme Court has held that state and Federal charges, however similar, constitute separate offenses on which successive trials may be held. But there might be a question as to whether the conspiracy charge was so much broader than the murder charge as to allow a second prosecution. (Though the jury was instructed that it did not have to find that the defendants killed Mrs. Liuzzo, it is hard to imagine how it could have convicted without doing so.) Hanes also neglected a whole series of other legal points that observers, probably including the Justice Department, expected him to raise. None would have guaranteed an acquittal, but several might have helped strengthen the resolve of holdout jurors.

By cross-examining FBI agent Neil Shanahan on the first day of the trial about a conversation with Rowe, Hanes gave Prosecutor Doar an unexpected opportunity to get the whole discussion—Rowe's earlier eyewitness report of the killing, which otherwise would have been inadmissible hearsay—into the record. When Hanes objected, Johnson ruled that he had brought his troubles on himself.

Doar, who had never prosecuted a criminal case before, fumbled a bit in presenting his case and was reprimanded by Johnson for leading witnesses. Still, he probably made a better impression on a rural jury than a city-slick prosecutor would have. He left the final part of the government's summation to Ben Hardeman, the local U.S. attorney, who warned of the need to preserve the state from a "medieval system of trial by torture" with self-appointed executioners.

Later that day Doar moved to narrow the indictment, striking references to anti-voting intimidation. This left only the right to march granted by Johnson's court order as a target of the conspiracy. The trimming of the indictment in the apparent expectation of a conviction seemed designed to make the case tighter on appeal.

Finding a Verdict

On the morning of the fourth day of the trial, Judge Johnson charged the jury. He spent an hour on the law of the case and the Law as an enduring institution. After ordering the jurors to exclude politics and sociology, he told them that the law must protect individuals "whether they be individuals in the courtroom or whether they be individuals on the highway protesting against what they consider to be grievances."

But the jurors did not reach a verdict that day. Foreman T. H. Kirby, superintendent of schools in Opelika, led them in twice to ask questions: one about the law of conspiracy, another as to who had put ammunition from defendant Thomas's home in evidence. Bystanders speculated that someone in the jury room was trying to show that the ammunition used in the killing could not have been Thomas's. After six hours of deliberation, the unhappy jurors were locked up for the night.

When the judge sent them back to the jury room, Hanes protested that the charge had been prejudicial. But Johnson, a careful judge, had read a standard charge repeatedly upheld on appeal.

When they returned the next morning to announce that they were unable to reach a verdict, Judge Johnson, peering through narrow reading glasses, was ready for them. He read from his courtoom notebook and reminded the jurors of the difficulties and expense of the trial. Then, with the twang of his voice beginning to rasp, he insisted, "You haven't commenced to deliberate the case long enough to reach the conclusion that you are hopelessly deadlocked." He warned of a probable new trial, and urged the minority, whichever side it was on, to reflect on its position without giving up any of its honest convictions.

Jury watchers had their candidates for the holdouts, with everyone assuming from the start that only a couple opposed conviction. A burly farmer and one of the merchants seemed most dissatisfied whenever the jurors emerged, so they were the favored candidates. Another juror had muttered, "I told them so" when the judge repeated the definition of conspiracy.

Only a few minutes after returning from lunch, the jury sent word out that it had reached its verdict: guilty as charged. After the verdict was read, Johnson thanked the jurors and told them, "If it's worth anything to you, in my opinion that was the only verdict you could possibly reach in this case and reach a fair and honest verdict." He then set the maximum sentence—ten years in prison.

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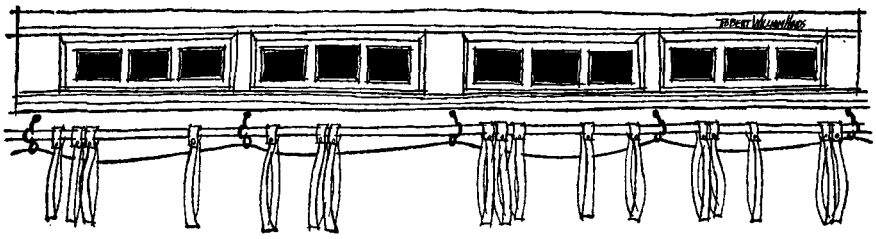

New Hope for Straphangers

C. W. GRIFFIN, JR.

After decades of catering to motorists, the nation's cities have turned to mass transit for relief from the growing hordes of invading automobiles. Behind the transit revival is a long list of grievances: spreading traffic jams, loss of taxpaying properties razed for freeways, protests from uprooted businessmen and city dwellers in the path of bulldozers, the automobiles' insatiable demands for parking space, air pollution from automobile exhausts, and the rising economic costs of congestion. From coast to coast, new rapid transit systems and extensions of old systems are in varying stages of planning and construction.

In New York City, where the chief transportation problem is rescuing an existing mass transit system, a financial crisis confronting the city's subway poses both a threat and a golden opportunity for reformist Mayor-elect John V. Lindsay. At worst, the financial crisis will plunge New York's transit system into a new spiral of diminishing patronage and service, accompanied either by economic decline or by an even more massive motorized assault on Manhattan. At best, a bold response could revive the mass transit system and end the anarchic transportation free-for-all that now floods the streets with tides of rush-hour automobiles. In the opinion of growing numbers of planners and transportation experts, the creation of a unified agency empowered to co-ordinate the transportation planning and to allocate funds among competing modes of travel offers the best and perhaps only hope of bringing a tolerable balance between private and public transportation. And New York is the logical place to start.

New York's transit crisis springs from a record projected $62-million operating deficit for the subway system—a deficit destined to be increased by still undetermined additional millions from an impending contract with Michael J. Quill's Transport Workers Union. Without drastic policy changes or some remote and unforeseen subsidy, the fifteen-cent fare will become a memory. Fare increases anywhere always adversely affect transit patronage, as marginal riders take to their cars or walk instead. This is the story of transit's decline all over the United States. If the fare goes to twenty cents, transit officials predict a five per cent drop in patronage, and thousands of additional cars will invade Manhattan's core every day. This in turn would stir demands for more millions for street widening, freeways, and garages.

Pricing the Demand

New York could tolerate an increase in vehicular traffic less than any other city. Inspired by its venerable highway-building institution, Robert Moses, the city has long followed the general American policy of focusing transportation efforts on motorists. Yet despite the enormous public expenditures for New York's highways, the car remains a minor mode of travel for nearly three and a half million workers who daily swarm into the bustling nine-square-mile business section of Manhattan. On a typical weekday, during the 8 A.M.-9 A.M. peak, fewer than ten per cent of the 850,000 travelers enter Manhattan's core by automobile or taxicab, while 610,000, or seventy-two per cent, enter by subway.

Pledged to fight for retention of the fifteen-cent fare, Lindsay has promised fast action when he takes office on January 1. He has already moved to establish a Mayor's Council on Transportation, which will include the heads of key agencies responsible for all phases of the city's transportation planning and policymaking.

Lindsay promises that he will "speedily" draw up a "comprehensive but practical plan for the reorganization, integration and coordination" of the city's transportation system. In a detailed campaign paper, Lindsay also promised to seek the necessary state legislation for such a unified transportation agency.

The key to Lindsay's transportation proposals is his endorsement of the principle of demand pricing as a floodgate to control the six hundred thousand motor vehicles that daily descend on the southern third of Manhattan. (Demand pricing is the free-enterprise mechanism for rationing scarce goods and services —the principle behind the telephone company's doubling of tolls during business hours, when demand is highest, or the premium prices charged for Saturday-night theatre tickets.) Applied to transportation, demand pricing would mean higher bridge and tunnel tolls and higher parking fees, at least during rush hours. These higher motorists' costs would dissuade some motorists from driving into the city, thus alleviating congestion and speeding the trip for bus riders and those who need their cars in the city. They would also increase transit patronage, thus helping offset transit deficits. And in direct transfer of funds, they would help defray the transit system's operating deficits. In Lindsay's words: "We can achieve economic sense out of the financing of transportation only if we view the various elements of the transportation system as part of a related whole. The structure of fares, toll rates and taxes must serve the City's overall objectives rather then those of one particular agency or one particular mode ot transportation. Aggregate revenues must be applied where the need exists."

Already the political battle lines are drawn. Because of his announced policy of getting commut-

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ing motorists out of their cars and into public transit and his opposition to several pet expressway projects of the highway interests, Lindsay's transportation philosophy collides head-on with such powerful opponents as Robert Moses, chairman of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which builds and operates the highway river crossings lying within the city, and the Automobile Club of New York. If he succeeds in creating a unified transportation agency empowered to pool and allocate finances, he will offer his city and the nation its most valuable lesson in unraveling the gnarled problem of financing mass transit. It could light the way out of the urban transportation morass.

LINDSAY'S PLAN for a unified transportation authority springs from a proposal made last summer by John J. Gilhooley, one of the three commissioners of the New York City Transit Authority, a city-state agency created in 1953 to administer the city's 720 miles of rapid transit rail lines and 554 miles of bus routes. Gilhooley's proposed transportation authority would unify under one head the New York Transit Authority, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, and the Department of Traffic. These are the major pieces of a fractured system characterized more by conflict than by co-operation. By unifying the responsibility for all the city's surface transportation, the Gilhooley plan would force the heads of automobile-oriented agencies to consider the consequences of their narrowly focused policies. Traffic Commissioner Henry A. Barnes, whom Lindsay plans to retain, generally ignores bus riders as well as pedestrians in his effort to unsnarl the city's massive traffic patterns. Next March, for example, when Barnes's plan to make Fifth and Madison Avenues one way is scheduled to take effect, traffic will either flow a little faster or more cars will crawl at the present pace. However, the termination of two-way bus service will doubtless increase the Transit Authority's documented $1.6-million annual losses in bus revenue already suffered from previous conversions to one-way traffic.

The proposed transportation authority would also review the controversy between Commissioner Barnes and the City Planning Commission over the revival of a $100-million city-financed municipal parking-garage program that would attract more automobiles into the traffic-choked central business district. In 1961, the planning commission rejected a similar proposal, arguing that "new parking garages in the midtown core would attract many commuters, business travelers, and shoppers who presently use mass transit or less convenient parking facilities. This means, in effect, not more business travelers, not more shoppers—but more automobiles."

To clinch his argument for the need for unification, Gilhooley cites a recent episode in the continuing feud between Barnes and Moses. The overlapping responsibilities of these two officials require mutual consultation, but their only apparent communication consists of periodic exchanges of insults in the press.

Perhaps more important than the resolution of planning conflicts are the financial powers proposed for the new authority. Under Gilhooley's plan, the New York City Transportation Authority would set transit fares and bridge, tunnel, and parking tolls. Most important, the new authority could pool and allocate finances. Ideally, the authority would tap the treasuries of the moneymaking automobile-oriented agencies—the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority and possibly the Port of New York Authority, a powerful and wealthy bistate agency that operates New York City's bridge and tunnel links with New Jersey as well as the area's marine and air terminals, a trans-Hudson subway line, and two major bus terminals. Demand pricing—raising bridge, tunnel, and parking tolls for rush-hour drivers—could reduce rush-hour traffic, help balance subway operating deficits, and encourage patronage of mass transit. The Port Authority reverses the demand-pricing principle by halving the toll for regular automobile commuters, thereby encouraging the rush-hour jams at the Hudson River crossings.

The reaction to the Gilhooley proposal ranged from enthusiastic applause from the New York Regional Plan Association to denunciatory outrage from Gilbert B. Phillips, president of the Automobile Club of New York, who denounced any plan for diverting automobile toll revenues to help mass transit. He had a powerful ally in Robert Moses, who emphatically rejected the Gilhooley proposal.

"There is logic in the proposal," wrote Moses, "and if, as and when this area is truly in extremis, which is not yet the case, some such drastic remedy may have to be resorted to. Meanwhile, the cooperation of existing agencies and more forceful leadership and support, political, administrative and civic, seem to me to constitute the immediate, practical answer. As to Triborough, I can only say that the limited objectives for which we are responsible are about all we can assume at the moment. . . ."

The Economics of Congestion

Significantly, Moses echoed Phillips' cry of "Foul!" at the prospect of using motorists' tolls to finance transit deficits. "We must realize . . . that rubber fully pays its way by user taxes and tolls and will not relish having its contributions diverted . . . ," said Moses, reiterating the automobile interests' claim that highway user taxes cover the public expenditures for highways, bridges, tunnels, and other motorists' facilities.

In claiming that "rubber fully pays its way," Moses echoed a durable myth that owes its currency to endless repetition rather than examination of facts. In the typical year of 1963, according to Bureau of Public Roads statistics, the nation's total highway expenditures topped highway user taxes by more than $2 billion. Even if we include the Automobile Manufacturers Association's estimates of $450 million annually "diverted" to the states' general treasuries, the 1963 subsidy still exceeds $1.6 billion. Local property taxes and general Treasury funds make up the annual $2-billion deficit.

To commuting motorists who create the monumental traffic jams on urban highways go the biggest highway subsidies, according to William

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Vickrey, Columbia University economics professor. He computes the hidden subsidy to a commuter who drives twenty-five miles each way on ninety per cent Federally financed freeways at $4 to $5 a day, compared with a public subsidy of forty cents a day to a New Haven Railroad commuter traveling an equal distance. According to the Regional Plan Association, "If commuter railroad or subway riders received the same subsidy as automobile commuters, the Government would have to pay each rider handsomely to get on the train."

The enormous subsidy to commuting motorists results mainly from the premium cost of building additional freeway lanes designed merely for rush-hour traffic, the so-called peaking factor. For many eight-lane freeways jammed with bumper-to-bumper traffic at rush hours, four lanes would do quite well for about twenty hours a day. Computed on a car-mile basis, the additional lanes cost from two to three times as much as the basic lanes required for normal traffic.

On a straight per-mile basis, urban freeways already cost from 100 to 1,000 times as much as outlying local roads. Chicago's Kennedy Expressway, for example, cost $16 million a mile. Its users pay only one-third its construction cost in fuel taxes and other user charges, according to a study by New York consulting engineers Parsons, Brinckerhoff, Quade & Douglas. Application of the peaking factor would display the fantastic subsidy to rush-hour drivers on this highway.

Motorists get subsidies in countless other ways. General taxpayers finance New York's street-widening, sidewalk-narrowing program. They will also finance outgoing Mayor Robert F. Wagner's proposed $100-million electronically controlled traffic-signal system. During the mid-1950's, municipal studies in Chicago and Milwaukee revealed average city subsidies of $85 to $90 annually for each vehicle on the city streets. And as part of the incalculable costs of congestion, while there was a fifty per cent increase in the number of motor vehicles entering Manhattan between 1948 and 1960, there was a ten per cent decline in the number of entering persons. This is an embarrassing fact for those who equate traffic jams with prosperity.

In contrast with the questionable public value of the motorists' hidden subsidies, New York City's $100-million annual transit subsidy (for replacement of antiquated subway cars, station remodeling, and other capital improvements) helps sustain

a $58-billion real-estate empire. Without the means of transporting millions around the island, land in Manhattan could never have attained more than a fraction of its present value. Manhattan boasts the staggering total of 4,100 acres of commercial office space, more than the total contained in the nation's twenty-two next largest metropolitan areas, and its continuing office-building boom is keeping pace. By conservative estimate, the higher property values created by the city's transit system have in effect added $600 million annually to the city's treasury in real-estate taxes alone, or six times the annual transit subsidy.

THE Gilhooley proposal for diverting motorists' tolls has ample precedents. For the key link in San Francisco's $1-billion rapid rail transit system, motorists' tolls from the three Bay area bridges will finance construction of a $100-million, four-mile trans-Bay subway tunnel that will shorten the commuter's trip between San Francisco and Oakland from forty-three minutes of bumper-to-bumper driving to eight minutes by rail.

Equally important, the inequitable distribution of Federal transportation subsidies has finally been recognized in Congress. A bill introduced recently by Representative Jonathan B. Bingham (D., New York) and in the Senate by Joseph D. Tydings (D., Maryland) would permit state governments to use Federal highway subsidies for either highway construction or mass transit, in whatever proportions they find appropriate. For the sixteen-year period 1956-1972, present projections indicate Federal highway aid of $46 billion, more than 100 times the $360 million projected for aid to mass transit.

Even New York State seems ready to get into the urban transportation act. Thomas J. Mackell, chairman of its Senate Committee on New York City Affairs, is unyielding about the necessity for creating the unified transportation agency. Prospects are good for bipartisan support in both the Republican-controlled Senate and the Democratic Assembly, according to Mackell, a Queens County Democrat who supports Republican Gilhooley's proposal. Previous transportation-reorganization bills died in the legislative hoppers, but things have changed. As evidence of the new legislative support for public transportation, Mackell cites the recent state law creating the Metropolitan Commuter Transportation Authority, a public agency that has started negotiations toward its eventual goal of operating the metropolitan area's commuter railroads. In October, Senator Mackell's committee held hearings on the Gilhooley proposal and is now preparing legislation for introduction early next year.

According to Gilhooley, though the transportation authority's financial powers are indispensable, the unification efforts will mean little if they degenerate into a transit treasure hunt. He becomes almost pugnacious when he makes this point: "Transit reform can't get off the ground if we start with the question, 'Where do we get the money?' We must first ask, 'What is the basic problem?' Transit deficits, clogged roadways and streets, saturated highways are merely symptoms of a basic disease. Creating an agency with vague planning responsibilities, even with the power to redistribute revenues, will merely put a corn plaster on a cancer."

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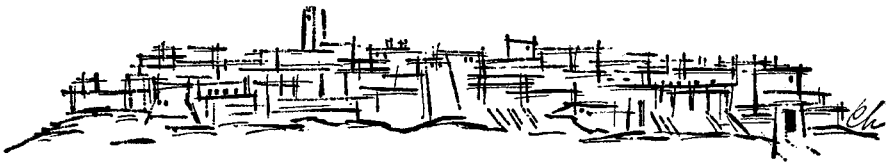

Serpentine Politics In Latter-Day Eden

CLAIRE STERLING

BAGHDAD

IRAQ, so its tourist folders tell you, is the land of the Garden of Eden, where Neanderthal Man once roamed, where Abraham was born and Nebuchadnezzar built the Hanging Gardens of Babylon to please his Median queen, where the wheel was invented and the earliest form of writing inscribed—the setting for the Arabian Nights, the home of Sinbad the Sailor. It is also one of the world's geopolitical prizes, fabulously rich in oil and lying directly at the crossroads dividing the Near East from Asia and Soviet Russia from the Persian Gulf. Yet few travelers trouble to visit it. Hot, dusty, uncomfortable, remote from current events, it seems a half-forgotten country.

Still, the Iraqis do attract attention from time to time, if only by a penchant for political disorder, which antedates their country's creation in 1920 as a mandate of the League of Nations under British administration. Since 1958, when a rampaging mob dragged the mutilated bodies of King Faisal II and Premier Nuri es Saïd through the streets of the capital, there have been thirty-nine known military plots, two successful coups, and two massacres here, along with an intermittent civil war now going into its fifth year. Outbreaks of this sort have become so commonplace that rather than brave the Iraqi airline and a temperature of 110, most reporters have taken to covering them from Beirut by telephone. When I came to investigate the latest revolt, I found I was the only one who had bothered.

Aside from being more hilarious than most, as a British newspaper points out, September's attempted coup does not seem to have differed much from the others. The hilarity came from the fact that it was the incumbent Premier who tried to overthrow his own government. Caught red-handed, he did what most Iraqi politicians do in the circumstances; he bundled his family onto a plane and flew to Cairo. His flight has naturally given the impression abroad that President Nasser of the United Arab Republic has tried and failed again to take over Iraq. But for once, his indignant denial had a ring of truth.

The Nasser Syndrome

Certainly, Nasser has had designs on Iraq for years, as well he might. At home he has thirty million Egyptians huddled together on about thirteen million acres of Nile valley, fenced in by 370,000 square miles of desert. Here, on the other hand, is a huge, wealthy, and nearly empty territory. Apart from their own desert, the Iraqis have eighteen million acres of arable land, half of it under cultivation, for fewer than seven million people. When a new network of canals is completed in the Mesopotamian valley, they will have a lot more. They also have enough petroleum reserves to count on a steady and effortless income of $400 million a year; and they are, furthermore, among Nasser's most devoted disciples.

Nowhere in the Middle East does one come across so many people who believe so hopefully in the idea of a single Arab nation—or a clearer example of why, for all the hopes Nasser has aroused among the Arab nations, their thousand-year dream of national unity is not likely to materialize in his lifetime. Everybody who plots against anybody in office here claims to be acting on Nasser's behalf—a sure-fire way of getting votes if regular elections were ever held in Iraq. From the plotting level upward, however, most Iraqis have come to realize that joining a single Arab nation under Nasser's auspices would have conspicuous disadvantages. At this stage, moreover, Nasser apparently agrees with them.

In this country's political landscape, a man in Nasser's position finds little to solace the eye. First came Abdel Karim Kassem, an Arab leader after Nasser's own heart, who single-handedly foiled an elaborate western plan of defense along Soviet Russia's southern tier by withdrawing from Nuri es Saïd's Baghdad Pact (Iraq, Iran, Pakistan, Turkey, Great Britain). A taste of power, however, turned Kassem into Nasser's bitterest enemy and competitor. Five years later, his prisons full of pro-Nasser army officers, Kassem fell, done in as brutally by the socialist Ba'athists as he himself had done in leaders of the old pro-western régime. The prisons were emptied, to be quickly refilled when it developed that the Ba'athists wanted everything Nasser did, minus Nasser.

Nine months of oppressive and exceptionally inept government under the Ba'athists was enough for the army, which threw them out and gave Brigadier General Aref some of the presidential authority previously granted him only in name. His new cabinet, with Brigadier General Taher Yahya as Premier, looked like the genuine article at last: barely six months after being sworn in, it reached an agreement to merge indissolubly with the U.A.R. within two years. Promptly thereafter, however, the Premier fired six of the more ardent Nasserites in his cabinet, whereupon the President fired the Premier. The next Premier, former Air Force Commander Aref Abdel Razzak, was perhaps more satisfactory from Cairo's point of view, but he only lasted ten days. He might have hung on a bit longer if it had not been for his impulsive effort to take President Aref's place last September.

The one constant in the behavior

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of these politicians appears to be a desire either to take or keep power, the former evidently being easier than the latter. Realizing this, Nasser has grown wary of committing himself to any of the multitudinous army cliques that still continue to sin in his name. The closest he has come to a commitment lately was his statement after the "regrettable" September episode that Aref is still Iraq's sole leader as far as he is concerned.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, that is the fact, or seems to be for the moment. But Aref has already been President for nearly three years, a long tenure by Iraqi standards. Whether or not he can stay where he is will depend above all on his ability to be for and against Nasser simultaneously, the only stance likely to keep the rival army factions immobilized. He has been rather good at this so far, possibly with Nasser's connivance. There are grounds for assuming, at any rate, that Nasser has not objected to Aref's discreet moves toward disengagement at home so long as the Iraqi President has kept up appearances abroad as the U.A.R.'s closest ally.

Officially, therefore, both Aref and Nasser are making preparations for a union that neither expects will be consummated. Good-will missions, industrial missions, land-reform, educational, petroleum, and military missions fly back and forth between Cairo and Baghdad, only to unearth fresh proof of incompatibility. Welcome as union may be to the Iraqis in theory, the presence of several hundred Egyptian professors in Iraq's universities almost caused the students to riot last year. When several thousand fully equipped Egyptian troops landed at Basra in June, a mutinous murmur ran through the Iraqi Army. The prospect of tying Iraq's solid dinar to the U.A.R.'s swiftly devaluating pound has unnerved Baghdad bankers. Suspicion has been growing among Iraq's economic planners that their country would be consigned to the union's back seat as suppliers of farm produce, while Nasser developed his industry. But nothing has so ruffled the Iraqis' composure as the attempt to align their economy ideologically with the U.A.R.'s.

Several Middle Eastern states have had a fling by now at what Nasser calls Arab socialism, either to emulate or compete with Egypt. The experiment here started in 1958 under Kassem, from whose land-reform program the country is just beginning to recover. The measure was less radical than it looked: not all of the 5.3 million acres subject to expropriation were actually seized, and each member of a family holding large estates was allowed to keep as much as 1,200 acres. Even so, it caused a severe enough agricultural slump, aggravated by drought, to change Iraq from an exporter to an importer of grain by 1961.

THAT was about as far as Kassem went. In agreeing to merge with the U.A.R. in 1966, however, the Aref régime was obliged to go further. In the summer of 1964, it nationalized all major industries—cement, asbestos, and cigarettes—and all banks and insurance companies. Unlike Nasser, who had taken Egyptian business over on a casual pay-later basis, Aref saw to it that private owners received prompt and full compensation. Otherwise, his blanket decree had little to commend it. Investment stopped and capital fled, while the state's new economic establishment floundered through an administrative swamp of its own making. If the country did not slip into an acute depression, it is mostly because no country of this size really could when it has an annual $400 million in oil revenues to fall back on.

Fortunately for Aref, the oil revenues are still coming in, a grain of caution having kept him from nationalizing that industry along with the others. The trouble is that the revenues are nowhere as high as they could be. Where neighboring oil producers like Iran and Kuwait have been racing ahead in investment, exploration, and production, the Iraq Petroleum Company, with equal shares held by the Dutch, the British, the French, and the Americans, has not brought in a new well since 1961, when Kassem took away ninety-five per cent of its search concessions and then, on second thought, ordered it to stop exploration altogether. Privately, his successors consider the gesture hysterical: no oil-rich state has been so carried away by nationalist sentiment since Iran's weeping, pajama-clad Mossadegh had a brief but calamitous go at oil nationalization fourteen years ago. All the same, it has been no simple matter for the Aref régime to get back on a more profitable footing with a foreign petroleum cartel in a country where a single political misstep might be one too many.

Although Premier Yahya's cabinet finally reached a settlement with the IPC last summer after eighteen months of negotiation, it lacked the courage to reveal the terms, let alone sign the agreement. The now fugitive Premier Razzak lacked the time to consider it during his ten days in office; and nobody knows if the current Premier, Abdul Rahman El-Bazzaz, will be brave enough or last long enough either. Nevertheless, his appearance on the scene has given some people a feeling that things may be taking a turn for the better.

First of all, El-Bazzaz is a civilian. Secondly, he is at once an Arab nationalist in excellent standing—he wrote a text on the subject and was also jailed by Kassem—and an apparently sensible, experienced diplomat. Furthermore, he has started out in office with the refreshing announcement that, in his opinion, the Iraqis are tired of conspiracies, uprisings, tanks in the streets, military governors, courts-martial, mass political arrests, and police torture, and that it was time, therefore, to restore constitutional government. His declaration to this effect was made at a press conference described by the Baghdad *News* as "the most remarkable ever held in Iraq," where, as the *News* rightly observed, "pressmen were bewildered by his frankness."

Chatting with these newsmen as we left the conference, I realized that very few of them had, in fact, attended one like it before. The new Premier not only invited questions but answered them explicitly. What Iraq needed most, he said, was order and peace. The endless Kurdish war must be settled by fair negotiations, and the economy set to rights by more rational thinking. The Iraqis, he went on, are Moslem socialists but not Marxists, and would not be "fools enough . . . to precipitate economic upheaval" by

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undertaking any further nationalization for its own sake. "Henceforth, each case will be studied in an objective manner, regardless of whether this is called socialism or not. . . . The point is to achieve prosperity, stability, and encouragement for individual pursuits side by side with public endeavors."

The economic establishment had made mistakes, he continued, and would be thoroughly reorganized. The Arab Socialist Union, a branch of Nasser's sole political organization in Cairo, had also made mistakes and would be reorganized, though "certainly not" as a political party. "We will co-operate with our elder sister the U.A.R. in this respect, while taking into consideration this country's nature and special conditions." What's more, Iraq would not jump into a union with the U.A.R. that Nasser himself no longer considered feasible. While committed to that ultimate goal, El-Bazzaz concluded, the only "practical step at this point would be to set up a federation. I will be the happiest man in the world when this step is accomplished."

The Premier's moderate position was amplified on November 7 when the government announced its intention to permit and encourage the establishment of private businesses involving capital of up to $1.5 million. Guarantees against nationalization of these businesses, together with hints that restrictions on banking operations would be eased, gave further evidence of El-Bazzaz's promise to "reconsider" the socialist system. The government statement also recognized the "autonomy of Kurdish nationalism," insisting that the Kurdish culture, language, and heritage would be preserved within the context of Iraqi unity.

The Troublesome Shadow

Promises of cultural preservation, of course, are hardly enough to end the Kurdish rebellion that has been waged intermittently since 1961. This obscure little war has been costing Iraq $60 million a year and has made it an object of the most pressing and unwelcome international attentions. The shadow Kurdish nation, envisioned but never established when the British and French carved up the Ottoman Empire after the First World War, embraces about five million people, including 2,500,000 in Turkey and 1,400,000 in Iran. In Russian hands, it would be a knife poised at the heart of the West's CENTO alliance that evolved from the Baghdad Pact, and though the Kurdish leader Mulla Mustafa Barzani was never considered a reliable element in Moscow during his twelve-year stay there, Iraqi Kurdistan has a sizable Communist Party. Accordingly, the Russians have courted the Kurds assiduously if sporadically, shifting their support to the central government whenever the outlook in Baghdad has seemed more promising. The British have also alternated between the two sides, depending on which appeared likelier to safeguard their Iraq Petroleum Company investments in Kirkuk at any given moment. The Americans, controlling a quarter of IPC and worried besides by the vulnerability to Communist penetration in both camps, have hovered anxiously on the sidelines. And Nasser, not knowing when and if the dissident Kurds might come in handy, has kept a permanent Kurdish spokesman in Cairo for use should the occasion warrant.

If the Iraqis really want to shake free of this dangerous tangle, the moment seems auspicious. Impressed by the level-headed Premier El-Bazzaz, the United States and more particularly Great Britain have talked Iran and Turkey into sealing off their Iraqi borders, denying the rebels both an arms supply and a haven. At the same time, Nasser has asked the Kurdish spokesman in Cairo to leave, perhaps in atonement to Baghdad for the attempted coup in September. Meanwhile, the Russians appear to have been neutralized.

FOR A WHILE, under Kassem, the Russians came a good deal closer to taking over this country than Nasser ever did. Largely because of his enmity toward Nasser, Kassem had turned to the Russians for advice and protection, soon reaching the point where Communist support was indispensable. Unable to trust his own army by 1959, when a pro-Nasser revolt broke out in the Mosul military barracks, he unleashed the Communists' 35,000-man People's Militia. The armed thugs who rolled into Mosul by the trainload thereupon murdered two thousand people and imprisoned another five thousand. When anti-Communist riots broke out in Kirkuk four months later, the same thugs poured in with equally murderous intent. It was the beginning of the end for Kassem, and—despite recent attempts at reorganization—the end of Iraq's Communist Party.

Dismayed by the revulsion spreading through Iraq and the entire Arab world, Moscow took the Iraqi Communists sternly to task, and tried desperately to make amends. But no amount of economic aid—$200 million so far—has erased bloody memories, nor have the Russians gotten far by dangling their offers of support against the rebel Kurds. With every such offer, the Russians have merely incurred the hostility of the Kurds still more without getting back into Baghdad's good graces. It is characteristic of this unsteady country that its relations with Russia should have gone since then from bad to good and back again many times over. Right now they are good, which is probably the best the Soviet Union could expect.

The same might also be said for Nasser; if luck is with them, even the western powers may be able to say as much some day. For it is not inconceivable that, having tried just about everything else during the last seven years, the Iraqis may begin a new round by re-establishing friendly relations with the West.

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THE REPORTER

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A Winter in Berlin

FRED LICHT

She came to us in very troubled times. Hitler had just promulgated a new set of racial laws under which it became illegal for German Aryans to work for a Jewish family, and amid tears the cook, the maid, and, worst of all, my beloved Mimma were forced to abandon us. The cook didn't matter, nor did the maid, but Mimma was irreplaceable, especially since my parents had already made arrangements to go to America in order to prepare a home there in case we should suddenly have to leave Germany. I could not accompany them because of school and only Mimma knew—and had known since I was born—what I must eat, how I must dress, what vitamins I must take on what occasions, for like most only sons of lavish families, I was hopelessly spoiled, inclined to sickliness and indolence. Who would see to my needs while my parents were away? Who, above all, would see to it that I did my lessons? Poor Cousin Frieda? Certainly not. The dear old spinster, though she loved me dearly, stood in terror of me. A cough, a sneeze, even a not very convincing one, and she would let me off with my homework left undone. It was at this point, only two weeks before my parents' scheduled departure, that a friend of my mother's suggested Miss Celia Wharton.

"She's rather eccentric, I must warn you," my mother's friend explained. "She's a Jehovah's Witness. But I don't see why that should cause much trouble. She is, after all, an experienced governess, and I know that she is completely trustworthy. A bit old-fashioned perhaps, but that's all to the good. A little discipline will do Fred no harm."

Miss Wharton, when she appeared for an interview, must have seemed like the answer to all her prayers. Tidy, calm, and speaking not a word of any language except English, she incorporated all the virtues one could hope for, especially since my parents were eager that I should perfect my English in case of a future emigration. She moved in at once and mercifully left me pretty much alone, being fully occupied in helping Mother make the necessary preparations for a transatlantic crossing, which were, in those days, considerable. I desperately tried to find some point of attack which, reported to mother behind Miss Wharton's back, might move Mother to dismiss Miss Wharton and cause her to give up her voyage to America, but I could find no cause for complaint. Busy as Miss Wharton was with my parents' packing, my lessons were forgotten and the cod-liver oil was skipped on several occasions. Efficiently, coldly even, Miss Wharton was bent on doing first things first, which in this case meant getting my parents out of the house with all of their luggage in time to catch the boat from Rotterdam.

The afternoon they left, I broke into a fit of self-induced hysteria. It is with some shame that I recall the spoiled, indulged, and frightened ten-year old I was. But in fairness to myself, I must state there was reason enough for me to be frightened at staying alone. Though speaking of the perils of Naziism was taboo at home, I had nevertheless a fairly complete understanding of the menace that hung over us all. Anti-Semitic propaganda was on banners in all the streets and friends of mine had been severely beaten by a gang of Hitler youths on their way home from school. Austria had been annexed, everyone talked of war. Many of my friends' parents thoughtlessly frightened me by wondering out loud at my parents' foolhardiness in leaving a child alone in Germany under such conditions. Two of my best friends were admonished by their parents not to play or even speak to me any more lest, in case of danger, they might find themselves involuntarily involved by something happening to me during my parents' absence. Instances of hostages being taken, especially among the wealthier Jewish families, were not unknown.

All these fears, combined with the desolation of an empty house, oppressed me, and even in my tantrum I was clearly determined to reject any comfort coming from Miss Wharton. To my surprise, she didn't attempt to belittle my fears by taking me in her arms or by soothing me in any way. Quietly she handed me a handkerchief and told me to sit in the kitchen while she prepared our supper.

"She doesn't care," I thought venomously, still shaken by sobs. "She doesn't care if my parents ever come back or what happens to me. Filthy goy! What does she know!"

Oh, but she did know! She knew a great deal even as she was scrubbing carrots at the sink. ("Oh, you must never *peel* vegetables," she had exclaimed her very first day with us in the kitchen, remonstrating with Mother. "That's where all the *good* is!") She knew my weak-

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nesses and she knew my strengths. Perhaps she had talked to Mother about me, perhaps she had simply guessed. But one way or another, Miss Wharton knew. She knew the dangers and she knew the comforts and she also must have known about something that I would never have openly admitted even to my parents: she knew that I was still in that childish state of religiosity which very few adults, even though they themselves may have passed through a similar stage, can either remember or deal with delicately and without offending childish sentimentalities.

When I had finally quieted down a little, disconcerted by Miss Wharton's lack of responsiveness, angered at being emotionally thrown off balance by her imperviousness to my at least partly calculated tears, she looked at the clock above the stove and said that my parents had probably arrived at the Dutch border.

"Such a lovely country. Very peaceful. Everyone says it's a nasty place because it always rains in Holland. But I don't mind rain, do you? It always makes things so cozy."

She talked on for a while about Holland, a country she seemed to know well. For some reason it struck me as odd that she should know foreign places. She was so obviously the very caricature of British spinsterhood that it seemed impossible that she should know anything at all about any other country—or that she should be here in Berlin at such a time as this. I asked her whether she had lived in Holland.

"Oh, yes. I lived there for two years, and very happy years they were, too. I like the Dutch. So many of them speak English, and they are always polite and willing to listen and give you a fair chance. You see, my brothers and sisters are all over the world. They travel wherever they are sent to tell other people about God."

I HAD BEEN WARNED about this, of course, had even been waiting for her to broach the subject of her ridiculous religious fanaticism. My parents had told me about Jehovah's Witnesses—a strange and muddle-headed sect started by weird Americans. I anticipated her talk on the subject with sarcastic embarrassment. The idea of anyone standing about on street corners telling whoever would listen that they believed in God and the imminence of the Last Judgment seemed not only undignified and improper but downright promiscuous. Now that the fateful word "God" had been spoken by her, I shrank from it.

But she didn't go on from there, although I half expected her to try to convert me on the spot the moment my parents were safely beyond the Dutch border. Instead she began to talk, as if to herself, about my parents and about how brave she thought it of them to make a new home somewhere else and about how much trust they must have in me to be able to leave me behind when circumstances made such a separation necessary. I listened more attentively, waiting with disgust for those words which invariably followed such an opening: "We must try to live up to the trust they have in you. We must try to be as brave as they want us to be." But no such words followed. Miss Wharton, it became evident, seemed to take it for granted that I would live up to the mark and be brave despite my recent disgraceful tears; she found it natural, and saw no reason to comment.

After dinner, looking just a trifle embarrassed, she confessed to me that after the Bible *David Copperfield* was her favorite book. Did I mind if she read it to me?

It became obvious after the first few pages that it wasn't because of David Copperfield that she liked the book but because of Peggotty. Rather

regretfully she said that it was a pity that there hadn't been any Jehovah's Witnesses at the time because if there had, Peggotty would surely have been one. After having agreed to call her Celia instead of Miss Wharton and quite sure that with her sentimentalities so clearly exposed I would be able to impose myself as easily on her as I had on Mimma and on my parents, I went to sleep.

THESE HOPES were shattered the very next morning when Celia got me out of bed a full hour early and despite my entreaties, despite my threats to tell Mother about it, stuck me under a cold shower and then insisted that I swallow a large bowl of porridge, which I loathed. Pills and cod-liver oil she swept disdainfully aside.

"A cold shower every morning, exercise, and a raw vegetable salad with your meals are better than anything that comes in bottles. And if you do catch a cold, we'll drink plenty of mint tea. There's nothing else to worry about."

She was ruthlessly punctilious in the routine she had mapped out for me. Lunch was ready for me when I returned from school at one, and afterward I had to nap for an hour. Then there was the homework, which she insisted must be done by four-thirty at the latest, and afterward there was exercise. Since it was winter, she had decided on ice skating, and from a shopkeeper down the street she had learned that there was a skating rink in the park nearby.

"But I can't go there. My parents won't let me."

"Why?"

"There's a sign at the entrance." I was abashed at having to explain these things. Despite my parents' efforts I had grown ashamed of being Jewish and was convinced that "the others" were obscurely right in detesting me for it. "There's a sign that says '*Juden unerwünscht.*'" There was some slight revenge in my knowing that she couldn't understand these German words. The fact that I also knew of things like *Juden* being *unerwünscht* gave me an edge of sophistication.

"And what's that supposed to mean?" she asked impatiently.

"It means that they don't want any Jews on their stupid rink."

"We'll see about that." She was very short. "Now put on your heavy socks and fetch your skates."

I felt sick all the way to the rink and prayed that Celia might be

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struck dead so that I would be spared the humiliation of being turned away from the rink. Looking now at photographs of myself at that age, I find it impossible to see why everyone knew right away that I was Jewish. But there was no getting around it. Several times, in cafés and restaurants, my parents had been politely turned away by the head-waiter with an apologetic "I'm sorry, but I must ask you to send the boy away if you wish to enter. Why do you take him along? Let his parents take him to a Jewish place."

"We *are* his parents," Father would say.

"Oh no! Really? But he looks so Jewish, and you . . ."

And the door would close.

LOOKING AT ME, the woman who sat by her black stove and sold tickets to the rink placidly pointed at the sign that hung by the entrance and went back to her knitting.

"Tell her," said Celia, "that we want two tickets. One for you to skate and a spectator's ticket for me."

I choked on each word, but Celia's presence, the simple way she held herself, were too much for me. At that moment I was more afraid than I had ever been. I was afraid of the insults that would surely come my way from the woman who sold tickets, but I was much more afraid that Celia, discovering that I was not only disobedient but also a coward, would turn away and abandon me on the spot. To this day, I believe that she would actually have done just that if I had failed her.

Not deigning to answer me directly, the woman tore off a spectator's ticket from the roll in her lap and held it out toward Celia.

"You can go in if you wish. But the little Jew stays out."

Again I had to translate, trembling and on the verge of tears, hoping against hope that this would put an end to Celia's unspeakable cruelty.

"I think I understand what she said," Celia remarked. "And it's all too crazy for words."

"*Was sagt sie?*" It was now for the ticket woman that I had to translate. But by now I was so numb with mortification that I no longer shook.

"*Sie sagt, dass Sie verrückt sind,*" I told the woman.

"*Engländerin, was?*" she asked me, and suddenly the roles were vertiginously exchanged. I had become a kind of confidant of the old hag, who from one moment to the next saw in me not the little Jew who must be kept out but the familiar Berlin schoolboy with whom one could talk an understandable language and with whom one could also poke fun

at these extravagant foreigners who didn't know what was what.

"I suppose in England Jews can go anywhere they wish," she said to me, and I shared her wonder at the fact that there were countries in which Jews could go skating at municipal skating rinks. "*Na ja,* if she's mad there's nothing to be done about it," and she handed me my ticket and took the money from Celia's hand. Then she winked at me, kindly, conspiratorially. "But once we Germans get going, things will change in England pretty fast, *nicht wahr*? We'll show them!"

I SAW NOTHING grotesque in this exchange of words and candidly, sincerely agreed with the old crone, who now was kind, cocky, and good-humored in the manner of Berliners. Jews are Jews and Aryans are Aryans, and it just wouldn't do to go about ignoring official signs.

By the end of the second week, after we had come daily to skate, Celia had conveyed to the old woman with the help of my translation a great deal of information concerning the Celestial Jerusalem and had even hinted quite broadly (although I, awestruck by such foolhardiness, toned down her statements considerably) that a certain statesman of a certain country was the envoy of Satan himself and the first legionary of the armies of hell, which were even now preparing the end of the world and the coming of God's Judgment. Celia even went so far as to bring along a clandestinely printed copy of the *Watchtower* in German for the old woman's instruction, which went a long way toward convincing her of the Next Coming.

"*Na so was,*" she kept exclaiming as she looked through the pages of the *Watchtower,* visibly shaken in her faith in the Führer by Celia's more potent (because more clandestine and therefore more audacious) propaganda. Berliners always have an ironic but deep respect for sheer nerve. "They don't print news like this in our newspaper," she would go on, pointing to reports of Armageddon's first manifestations. "Say what you like, but those English . . . ! No wonder they got hold of half the world."

I DON'T THINK that Celia for one moment realized the dangers she was putting me in by making me an instrument for the dissemination of illegal news. Nor did she shrink from turning our house into a meeting place for her brethren. She and I had come to an understanding very early. She, for her part, did nothing to convert me, having assured herself that my faith in the Bible and in God was the equal of hers and absolutely convinced by sheer love for me that God, once he got to know me better on Judgment Day, would be reasonable enough not to shilly-shally about my not having adhered to the creed of Jehovah's Witnesses. In return, she expected me to. . . . No, the idea of bartering favors never crossed her mind; she simply took it for granted that, loving God as I did, I would see nothing objectionable in having her co-religionists meet in my house. And of course, the idea delighted me. There was something irresistibly conspiratorial about these Sunday meetings that could not fail to appeal to any boy of my age, no matter how timid by temperament and no matter how sober his estimate of the real danger.

For danger there unquestionably was. Jehovah's Witnesses were the most ruthlessly hunted of Hitler's enemies. Jews, at least before the outbreak of the war, could still count on the restraining influence of world opinion and besides, they were well organized and also could draw on the considerable wealth of many members of their community. Jehovah's Witnesses, however, had no money for bribes, and even if they had had such financial backing would have scorned to buy their way out of prison. And so they were hunted by day and by night, forced

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to sleep wherever they could find someone courageous enough to take them in, ceaselessly at work to preach on street corners and to pass out forbidden copies of their publications.

IN ANY CASE, every Sunday they would appear. Mild old maids and strapping young fellows who worked during the week crating vegetables and meat at the Central Market with a bland and cheerful look in their eye, quite unconscious of their strength but confident that no harm could befall them because God was even more muscular than they. There were also the lean and cadaverous elders looking feverish and a trifle mad, ready to devour the devil himself, pretty parlormaids with the smell (and the hats) of the provinces still about them, all poor as sparrows, dressed in threadbare clothes that had had every trace of dust and freshness brushed out of them for the greater glory of God. And there they would sit in Father's immense study filled with all the thousand and one precious decorations whose intrinsic and aesthetic value had been pointed out to me a hundred times: the large, smoldering-red carpets (Bokhara, Baluchistan, Aleppo), the smoking set (Florentine leather), the paintings (two of which had been pronounced to be Rembrandts by Professor Bode, which was as much as saying that Rembrandt himself had said that they were genuine), the enormous Palissy plate with ceramic toads and snakes crawling all over it (there was another such plate in the world and that was in the Louvre, just think of it!). There they sat with the gauze anemones pinned to their hats and their elbows coming out of their jacket sleeves.

During the first half hour, as they sat about waiting for other brethren to show up, there was a good deal of tranquil talk about how so and so had been arrested while lecturing on Isaiah 4:3 on the corner of Fasanenstrasse and Kurfürstendamm, how such and such's house had been raided and how one of the printing presses had been smashed and their supply of publications burned on the streets. To me it was all extraordinary and a little mad, used as I was to the furtive, terrorized whispers that passed between my parents and their friends as they exchanged news about the latest anti-Semitic laws, the names of smugglers who would take your cash to Switzerland for fifteen per cent, and the possibilities of building up a good business in Argentina.

Then they would begin with their readings of the Bible, which Celia followed in her English text. Later on, when the elders began their comments and interpretations of the passage, I would translate as much as I could for her benefit. I don't remember much of the exegesis. It was mostly over my head, and besides, I had to concentrate so hard on what was being said in order to translate it quickly that the meaning usually escaped me. Most probably, Celia didn't understand what I was translating for her either, but at the end of the meeting she would close her Bible, look at me with her remarkably young, vivacious blue eyes, and thank me for having been so good at helping her out of the bewildering linguistic situation.

"It is wonderful how clear God's words always are. Even in another language. But my dear, do try to remember that in English one should never end a sentence with a preposition. You did it at least three times when you were translating what Brother Heinz was saying."

Brother Heinz was the elder I liked best because he alone seemed to trust the translation I made of his words. The other elders were just a little prima-donnaish and seemed to think that it was a little impious of a child, and an uninitiated one at that, to act as interpreter. Sometimes, especially at first, there

were even some scenes on the subject. But Brother Heinz quieted the opposition by saying that the mouths of children could always be relied on to tell the truth and I smiled at him gratefully, doing my best to look like a figure from one of Celia's albums of Pre-Raphaelite paintings.

Then Celia would vanish into the kitchen to prepare some tea. She was very strict about paying for the tea out of her own pocket. After all, it wasn't really fair to expect my parents to pay for it since her brethren were not actually the bidden guests of the house. The brethren and their solicitous sisters always brought their own meals, carrying them in briefcases and satchels along with extra copies of the *Watchtower*. Careful not to leave crumbs, Germanically attentive to keep the deep polish of the furniture unharmed, they awkwardly peeled boiled eggs into newspapers spread on their laps or struggled with tough smoked herrings and clasp knives.

AFTER LUNCH there were more prayers and Bible readings. Then we all piled into the elevated train together with thousands of other Berliners escaping from the freezing city to the even colder Grünewald. We didn't walk or stroll, because especially in those days it was impossible even for the most intransigent opponents of the régime to stroll or walk—one marched. Up and down the paths and avenues of the gloomy, shabby forest one came across families, friends, outing clubs, all marching with rucksacks on their backs or carrying their eternal briefcases in which were wrapped the remains of lunch. Quite indistinguishable from these good burghers intent on keeping up their health as a patriotic duty, the Berlin community of Jehovah's Witnesses marched bravely under the creaking fir trees, swinging left or right depending on the precedence and direction of other columns of marchers. Celia and I came gamely along but our hearts weren't in it.

"It's really foolish, all this marching about. Next Sunday, in case you have a cold, I think we might either stay home or go to the zoo or the cinema. I don't think that this is a really very proper way of ending a Sunday. Everyone's temper gets so dreadfully short on Sunday-afternoon outings. I think that it must be the devil's way of desecrating the Sabbath."

Promptly next Sunday I had a slight cold, and guiltily we sneaked off, after Celia's friends had left, to a suburban movie house where they were playing a rerun of *David Cop-*

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perfield with Freddie Bartholomew, who was, in Celia's opinion, a perfectly splendid actor but not as pretty nor, probably, as clever as I.

THERE WERE other escapades, too, but only one stands out with any clarity, perhaps because it was on this occasion that I became finally convinced that Celia was neither joking nor under delusions nor foolishly presumptuous concerning her familiarity with things belonging more conventionally to the next world.

There was a carnival in town, on the far edge of the city, an hour's subway ride from where we lived. I had heard about it from a school friend who had been allowed to go there in the afternoon and had then been taken once again, this time at night by a kind uncle. The difference between the carnival by day and by night was tremendous, he insisted. The two were simply not the same thing, and anyone who had only been to a carnival in the afternoon couldn't possibly even begin to guess how splendid and how exciting a carnival could be. They had seen things!

What things?

But it appeared that my friend had promised his uncle that he wouldn't speak about it to anyone because it was unfair to the carnival people. You see, he explained to me, some of the "things" they had seen were against the law, and if many people started talking about what went on in some of the tents, the carnival people would get arrested. But oh, the things one saw there . . . you have no idea what it's like.

"Oh *that* sort of thing," I said airily. I had lived in Paris when I was six and never let my friends forget it. I had once heard some people laugh in a meaningful way while referring to the Foire du Boulevard de Clichy. It was a safe bet that my friend would have no more idea of what the Foire du Boulevard de Clichy was than I had, so I decided to risk it. "I've seen *that* sort of thing lots of times in Paris. It goes on all the time on the Boulevard de Clichy."

"Bet you it doesn't. My uncle has been to Paris, too, and he says that there isn't any place in the world where they do acts like that. There was one number . . . with razors!" He would say no more.

Of course, I said nothing of all this to Celia. The razors had turned the trick and I was determined to find out for myself what one could do with them besides shave. I had all sorts of rewards coming to me for good report cards, and I decided that I would exchange them all, even the Sunday movies, against one evening at the carnival.

Celia had her doubts about my staying up so late but in the end she gave in, made me take an extra long nap in the afternoon, and got me to swallow a cup of Bovril with my dinner. Then we set off on an interminable voyage on the subway.

BY BRIBERY and cajolery I had gotten the name of the particularly important tent from my friend and planned to take Celia there by a series of innocent side diversions. First we took a ride on the ferris wheel and then, to salve her conscience, Celia insisted that I have my portrait done in chalks to send to my parents in America. Though she was an ardent pacifist, there was still enough of England in her to approve of my taking a turn at the shooting gallery. ("As long as you promise me never, never to shoot birds.") We went in for a couple of turns on the electric cars and had so much fun that I nearly forgot my deeper purpose.

"Look, Celia, there's a place called Das Puppenhaus. I wonder what that means."

"Well, what does it mean?"

"The Dolls' House. But I mean what can it be all about, a dolls' house?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably they have dolls there."

They did indeed.

There was a large but curiously silent crowd pressing around the ticket office and there were no barkers to attract customers.

"Three marks per person?" Celia cried out. "The man is either cheating me or else this is the most impudent robbery I've ever heard of. Three marks a person!"

Her protests were useless because we were by that time caught by the crowd and driven relentlessly toward the inside of the tent. Once inside, wedged in among a greater number of spectators than the tent was meant to hold, I reflected happily that there would be no way Celia could possibly drag me out again in case things went against her liking.

Surely that's exactly what she would have done if given half a chance, for the first number, that of the dolls, was more than she had bargained for. Obediently I closed my eyes when she told me to, opening them partly only now and then, for this was hardly the sort of thing that I had come for. I leaned against Celia and waited for the act with the razors.

THERE FOLLOWED a number so ghastly that Celia quite forgot to tell me to close my eyes once again. Four cripples, one without legs and strapped to a dolly, one dwarf bent more than double under an enormous hump, one man whose arms were amputated, and yet another legless creature who propelled himself on his arms, hopping like a toad, all of them quite drunk, were set to fighting with each other.

Heads swayed back and forth to get a better view, the people in the back rows pressed forward, crushing against those sitting in front of them, and everywhere there arose throaty shouts inciting and encouraging the combatants on the stage. Shrieking and hoarse, the cripples fought each other with an oblivious rage until finally, accompanied by a long drum roll, the legless man on the dolly was declared the winner and the curtain fell, to rise again on a perfectly innocuous magician whose act was violently hooted but who went on performing as if in a trance, mechanically plucking sickly pigeons from his vest and never even bothering to go through the ritual gestures of bowing or appealing to his public with triumphant smiles. Celia, her heart always with the gallant underdog, clapped loudly every time another pigeon appeared and every time inviolably linked rings were broken.

"He's really very good," she kept

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saying. "They ought to let him perform and watch him quietly. Oh! did you see that? Now how do you think he did that? Oh, I do wish they would all sit back and behave!"

The magician disappeared and his place was taken by a pompous master of ceremonies who announced a very new and unique spectacle. He clapped his hands and a woman dressed in a costume vaguely Chinese in character pushed a table onto the stage and from a Gladstone bag took, one by one, all sorts of steel instruments—scalpels, razors, thin forceps which she held up to the audience before laying them out on the table *in front of her.*

"You are about to see, ladies and gentlemen. . . ." But he got no further. Catcalls and hisses rose on every side. The man on stage bowed and then raised his arms to call for silence.

"I understand your impatience.... AND SO . . . WITHOUT ANY FURTHER ADO," he clapped his hands again, "I give you Otto, the man without nerves!"

HELPED onto the stage by one of the girls who had previously been in the chorus line and still wore her gaudy, bespangled brassiere but now also sported a little nurse's cap on her head, there walked an uncannily emaciated man. He wore no makeup and appeared incongruously pale.

"Otto had a little accident a couple of years ago. For the sake of the ladies in the audience I won't mention the place he got hurt." There was laughter which was incomprehensible to me. Here and there I heard shouts of "Stop blabbering so much!" "Let's go!" "Show us something for our money!" But the announcer now held his audience in his hand and he knew it.

"Please. What I am about to tell you is a matter of scientific interest. This is not just another bawdy show."

"What's he saying?" Celia whispered in my ear.

"I can't understand him too well. He's got a funny accent," I lied. "I think he must be Hungarian." I was unwilling to bend any part of my attention on translating for Celia.

"Now, as a result of this accident, a very strange and unheard-of thing happened: the patient lost the power to feel pain. He can see and hear and think but he can't feel pain."

He paused rhetorically.

"And I am going to prove my statements to you, ladies and gentlemen. And just to make sure that nobody will accuse me of cheating, I would like to ask a member of the audience to come to the stage with me and ri-go-rous-ly survey my experiments. No ladies, please! What will happen now might be too much for the weaker sex."

A group of rowdy apprentices sitting near the front hoisted one of their friends onto the stage despite his violent protests.

"Now then, do you feel strong enough for this, young man?" the barker asked him. Sheepishly, the young man nodded and waved to his friends in the audience.

"In that case we will begin. BUT . . . before I begin I must beg you to generously take out your purses for a moment and drop as big a contribution as you can into the plate that will be passed among you. We're not asking for this money in order to enrich ourselves. But sometimes the loss of blood suffered by our patient is so great that we need transfusions—and transfusions,

ladies and gentlemen, cost money, a great deal of money. So please! Do the best you can."

There was a bit of grumbling but money fell into the plates. Celia, without the vaguest idea of what it was all about, dropped a few coins into the dish when it came her way.

THEN, with hardly a transition between the plates being gathered in and the act proper, the most incredible, the most uncannily unexpected thing happened. Without any more words, without any gesture bidding the audience to pay close attention, the announcer suddenly tweaked the forceps into the other man's flesh and twisted them a full round turn. The "patient" didn't wince. There was something so stupid, so utterly artless, about the whole thing that I could scarcely take it in.

"What *is* this all about?" Celia whispered again. But this time it was she who was shushed. Angry heads turned our way all along the bench on which we sat. I shrugged my shoulders, waiting for some explanation, some words that would turn this whole thing into a joke by exposing the trick behind the inane performance. But there was nothing. One after the other, the instruments were picked up from the table and jabbed or stuck into the man's flesh. At first the process was slow but then it gathered momentum, and instead of sticking and lacerating the man in a detached, sober manner, a certain element of anger entered into the strange ritual, almost as if the master of ceremonies were hoping he could elicit some kind of response to the pain that he was inflicting. He picked up a razor and slashed. Blood began to flow and the whole tent started and took a deep breath. I realized then that there was nothing more to this act. Nothing at all but the infliction of pain on someone who could not feel the pain but suffered just the same. Bewildered, sick, I turned to Celia, hoping that she would take me away. But Celia was looking straight at the stage with a strangely impartial expression. When she became aware that I was looking at her she patted my hand.

"Look away, darling, if you like. But don't worry, this is all the work of the devil. It won't do you any harm."

AND with those words she somehow managed to put the whole grotesque incident in its place. It was the work of the devil, and she had seen the devil at work in too many places on too many occasions to be particularly surprised. Her words were reasonable and under their explanatory weight the whole repellent scene on the stage stood bereft of reality. It was a fabrication of evil, and evil could not reach Celia or anyone she loved and protected.

"Look away, pet, if you like. But it won't do you any harm. Remember that it is only the work of the devil."

I felt an immense relief.

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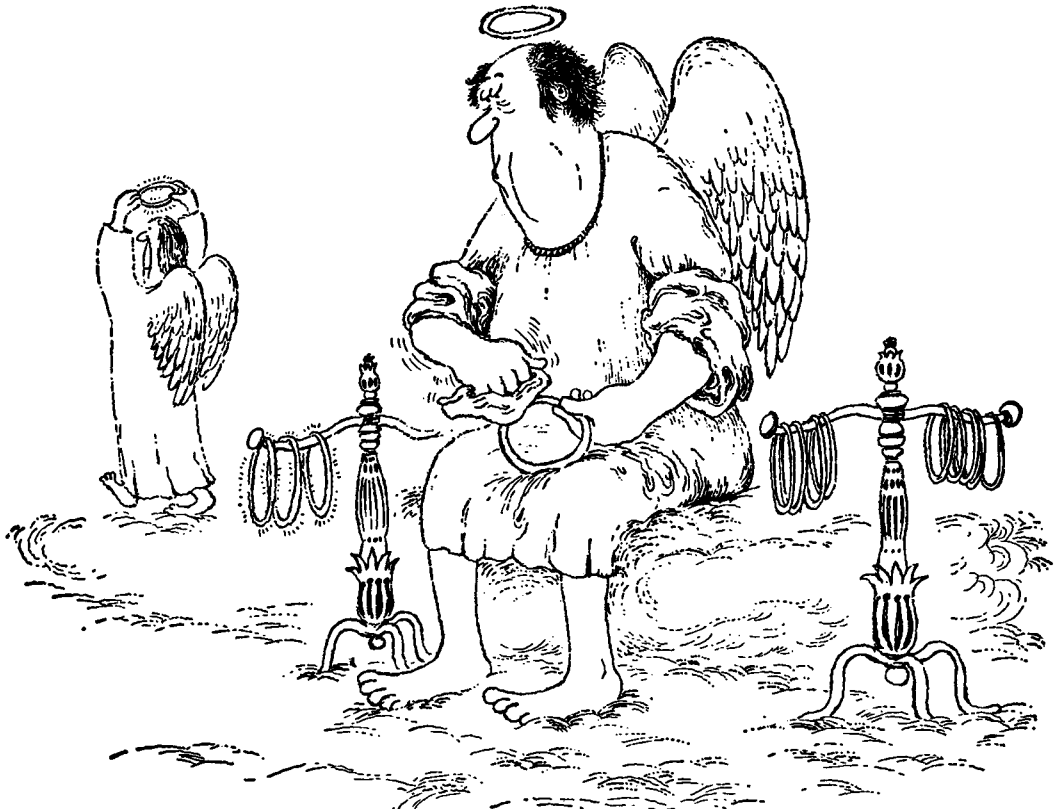
By Fernando Krahn



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Off the Beaten Track

ROLAND GELATT

Ours is an age of conspicuous operatic consumption, when every day sees the revival of an old work or the premiere of a new one somewhere in the world. By shuttling between the major and minor opera houses of Europe and America, a determined traveler can hear just about everything—Janacek in Prague, Schoenberg in London, Haydn in Budapest, Handel in Dallas, Paisiello in Naples. But this requires considerable cash and stamina. Most of us are content to settle for the recorded by-products of these operatic boom times. Three recent arrivals, all off the beaten track, are noted herewith.

HANDEL: *Serse.* Maureen Forrester, Lucia Popp, *et al.* Vienna Radio Orchestra, Brian Priestman. (Westminster 321; 3 discs, mono or stereo.)

There was a time—some fifty years ago—when every recitalist sang or played "the celebrated Largo from Handel's *Xerxes.*" The piece turns out to be the opening aria of the opera, a languid ode to a plane tree sung by the King of Persia as he awaits his beloved Romilda, and its sweetly cadenced phrases presage a lavish stream of Handelian honey. In his annotations for Westminster's recording of the work, Winton Dean suggests that *Serse* "could almost be called Handel's *Marriage of Figaro,*" but I wonder whether a closer parallel might not be drawn with *Così fan tutte.* Like Mozart's bittersweet harlequinade, it operates on two levels—a crust of civilized urbanity serving to insulate us from the smoldering turbulence that grips its characters—and it can be termed a comic opera only in the sense that everything ends happily and that some mildly diverting horseplay occurs en route.

All this is not to imply that Handel's accomplishment equals Mozart's, for he falls considerably short of Mozartean mastery in developing his characters. The people in *Serse* remain inflexibly chiseled from start to finish. One knows that the plot will be resolved by arbitrary machinations, not through a real change in the participants.

But what glorious melodies he puts in their mouths! Aria follows aria, one bracing and martial, another sinuously plaintive, a third exploding with bravura relish; and as they tumble out, nothing seems to strain the composer's vitality and invention. If ever there was music to revive the spirits, this vernal stuff should be it. But one is probably well advised to take it in small quantities; three acts at a gulp are cloying. The joy of the phonograph is that one can savor in moderation.

Brian Priestman, a British conductor who has made a specialty of Handel, leads a tight and authentically small-scaled performance. For once the singers in a Handel opera are as accurate and lithe as the instrumentalists. Top honors go to Miss Forrester (in the castrato role of Serse), who fires off a succession of roulades and cadenzas with her customary gusty nonchalance, and to Miss Popp, whose limpid soprano makes the role of Romilda irresistible. But everyone concerned is more than equal to the exacting vocal requirements, and if the proceedings occasionally seem pallid between those lovely arias, the fault is more Handel's than his interpreters'. Westminster's engineers provide agreeably bright and dry sound.

VERDI: *Luisa Miller.* Anna Moffo, Carlo Bergonzi, *et al.* RCA Italiana Orchestra and Chorus, Fausto Cleva. (RCA Victor 6168; 3 discs, mono or stereo.)

Although the taint of "organ-grinder music" no longer hangs over early Verdi, the fourteen operas that antedate *Rigoletto* are still usually dismissed with skeptical condescension. They deserve better. Crude and unsubtle though these works may sometimes be, they surge with an immense vitality and honesty, with a direct coming-to-grips-with-life that is the essence of Verdi. The light they throw is bright and clear, the message unmistakable. There is no nonsense about them, no murky problems, no false posturings. During the course of his long life, Verdi gradually mastered a vast vocabulary of musical discourse, but from the very beginning he knew how to reach the heart.

Luisa Miller is neither the best nor the most typical example of early Verdi, but it is an affecting piece of musical theatre, well worth the all-star treatment that it enjoys in this new recording. The opera dates from 1849 and thus stands at the outer boundary of Verdi's first period—a transitional work that gives more than one hint of the breakthrough to *Rigoletto* and *Traviata* that was soon to come. The orchestral writing is masterly throughout, full of the dark, foreboding tremors that Verdi could summon so well, and the ensembles (particularly those involving Luisa and her father) are at once powerful and songful. Only in the solo arias—none of them very memorable—does the opera sometimes falter. You will not find yourself whistling Rodolfo's "Quando le sere" after the final curtain as you will Violetta's "Addio del passato" or the Duke of Mantua's "Questa o quella." But even when Verdi fails to hit the melodic jackpot, he manages to make his genius felt by the sheer intensity and genuineness of his music. One feels that he has committed himself to every note.

Except for Anna Moffo, whose demure, lightweight soprano tends to get swamped in the big ensembles, the cast assembled by RCA could not be bettered. Bergonzi, far and away the most musical Italian tenor active today, has never sounded more stylishly precise or persuasive. Cornell MacNeil rolls out an abundance of firm, mellifluous tone in the juicy role of the father, the Messrs. Tozzi and Flagello make a splendid pair of conspiratorial bassos, and Shirley Verrett is an imposing Federica. Add to this the top-notch orchestral execution and vibrant sound we have come to expect from RCA's Rome studio, and the result is the most impressive representation of early Verdi on records.

MASSENET: *Thaïs* (excerpts). Jacqueline Brumaire, Michel Dens. Paris Opera Orchestra, Pierre Der-

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vaux. (Angel 36286, mono or stereo.)

In fourth-century Alexandria, a pompously ascetic cenobite monk (Athanaël) undertakes to convert a wickedly beautiful lady of pleasure (Thaïs); the lady ends by getting religion from the monk, the monk by getting fleshly desires from the lady.

Massenet blithely disregards the skillful irony with which Anatole France unravels this parable and instead takes it all quite seriously. The trick now, if we are to make anything of the opera at all, is to refuse to take Massenet seriously—in other words, to laugh it off as preposterous Cecil B. DeMille stuff and to concentrate solely on the composer's top-hatted elegance. If we blow away all that Egyptian incense, we shall find a gifted artisan of *la belle époque* with a fund of luscious tunes and a penchant for velvety orchestration.

For the first two acts it is nip and tuck whether the oases of genuine music (Athanaël's outburst against the depravities of Alexandria, Thaïs's colloquy with her mirror) will make up for the intervening stretches of dusty note-spinning, but then comes the finale and defenses crumble. The scene is the desert, en route to a convent where Thaïs is to spend her days in pious contemplation. Athanaël fetches water and fruit, installs himself under a palm tree beside the lovely *pécheresse,* and—to a ravishing accompaniment of undulating strings and flutes—begins one of those long-lined, sensuous duets which are the special delight of nineteenth-century French opera. Thaïs, though, is not long for this world, and in the closing pages expires to a rapturous melody while the famous "Meditation" theme hovers in the background.

Angel's new "highlights" disc includes all the best moments from this last act, plus those oases from the first two. The singing could be more dramatically credible (surely Thaïs ought to sound more willowy, more voluptuous, than the forthright Mme. Brumaire, and Athanaël more at war with himself than the calmly collected M. Dens), but the sounds are authentically French and the engineering is all that it should be.

Love Poem

It is our first Christmas, now,
And our first Christmas apart.
The long morning, without voices,
Grows stiff with snow. Spruces

Huddle in their white feathers,
Fenceposts have white caps
Like boys, but do not move.
I cannot think why I was timid

To say I loved you, or why
I let you go eight hundred miles.
The snow has stretched the hides
Of little white animals tight

On the sloping trunks of the trees
—the hickory we walked under
When it still had its leaves.
Days will not come again, and love

—I know this too—will not suffice.
After they had been lovers tossing
Snowballs and running in the field,
After music, and after making love

In the cold, archaic light
From the snow, even two
Could not keep out the loneliness,
Would come, speechless, to the windows

As the light dies out and an evening
Too long for only making love
Hangs in their eyes. This stops me;
I do not call to say this, love,

Or break into your colored day
With this white sadness. Soon enough,
You will learn what love costs
And how it fails. The dead snow falls.

The light holds too long. A sparrow,
Shivery in his great-coat, huddles
In the snowy-roofed redwood feeder
For which I have run out of seed.

—ROBERT WALLACE

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BOOKS

Cart Before the Horse

MARVIN BARRETT

BIOGRAPHY OF AN IDEA: MEMOIRS OF PUBLIC RELATIONS COUNSEL EDWARD L. BERNAYS. *Simon and Schuster. $12.95.*

In the summer of 1929 Sigmund Freud wrote his nephew, the eminent American public-relations counsel Edward Bernays, in response to an offer he had sent on from one of his publisher-clients:

"This proposal is of course an impossible one. An autobiography is justified only on two conditions. In the first place if the person in question has had a share in interesting events, important to all. Secondly, as a psychological study. Outwardly my life has transpired quietly and without content and can be dismissed with a few dates. A psychologically complete and sincere life recital would, however, demand so many indiscreet revelations about family, friends, adversaries (most of them still alive), with me as with everyone else, that it is precluded from the very outset. What makes all autobiography worthless is, in fact, its lying. Besides, it is really an example of your American editor's naïveté to believe that he could get a hitherto decent man to commit such an outrageous act for $5,000. Temptation would begin for me at a sum a hundred times as great and even then the offer would be rejected after half an hour."

Freud was seventy-three at the time and, although a crushingly distinguished man, obviously still capable of modesty and wit. He died ten years later without having been tempted to put down his life story. Now his nephew, himself just turned seventy-four, has, despite Uncle Sigi's cautions, written his own autobiography, 816 pages long, not counting index and list of clients.

The nephew has to some extent honored his uncle's advice. He has certainly had a share in a number of interesting events, most of which he created himself. And although the book is presented as the opposite of a psychological study, scrupulously avoiding all introspection and personal revelation, no man can go on about himself for 816 pages without revealing something more than he intended.

EDWARD BERNAYS was brought to America from Austria in 1892 as a babe in arms. But he was far from being the typical immigrant infant. His mother was Freud's sister. His great-grandfather, the chief rabbi of Hamburg, was related to Heinrich Heine. In New York, the elder Bernays found a lucrative spot for himself on the produce exchange and Edward was given a conventional middle-class upbringing.

After three and a half "barren" years at the Cornell College of Agriculture (his father was convinced that "farming was the great future for young men"), young Bernays tried employment on both sides of the Atlantic, ending up back in Manhattan at twenty-two as editor of an obscure medical review. In this unlikely spot he discovered, or perhaps invented, his lifetime vocation.

The circumstances are worth recounting. In an effort to increase the prestige and circulation of his paper, Bernays helped organize a privately sponsored production of Brieux' *Damaged Goods,* which starred Richard Bennett and dealt with the then daring subjects of prostitution and venereal disease. To enlist the support of the rich and respectable backers needed to get this drama past the police and onto the boards, he formed a committee called the Sociological Fund of America, and signed up, among others, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, and the young Franklin Delano Roosevelts. The production was a great success. After its New York showing it was taken to Washington and played before President Wilson. Then Bernays got a nasty shock. Mr. Bennett, who had secretly acquired all American rights to the play, rudely disengaged himself from his young friend and his magazine, appropriated the Sociological Fund of America, and proceeded to make a fortune out of the production.

Bernays no doubt was, as he tells us, "bitterly disillusioned," and appalled at the "grim prospect" of having for the rest of his days "to suspect and watch people to make sure they would not exploit me." But he had found his life's vocation. Within a year, he was a press agent on Broadway.

For a while his clients were all theatrical: the famous producing team of Klaw & Erlanger; the Metropolitan Musical Bureau, which handled a stable of concert performers and opera stars, including Caruso (Bernays's special charge); and Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. "These three years," says Bernays, "taught me more about life than I have learned from politics, books, romance, marriage and fatherhood in the years since."

They also saw the emergence of a distinctive Bernays style of press agentry. An early example was his promotion of *Daddy-Long-Legs,* a romantic drama about an orphan and her good-looking guardian. To help sell tickets he evolved a plan "for the organization of Daddy-Long-Legs groups, to raise money to pay private families for boarding orphans. . . ." A dollmaker was persuaded to make "Daddy-Long-Legs dolls, dressed in orphan-blue gingham checks. . . ." Vassar College was implicated, albeit somewhat reluctantly, in a series of benefits. "Walston Barret published a drawing with a benign Uncle Sam, labelled Daddy-Long-Legs, holding a Belgian child on his left arm. Five children at his feet wore caps identifying them as France, Germany, Austria, England and Russia. I distributed the cartoon to stimulate donations to the Belgian relief organization and to promote the play."

THERE it all was in a nutshell, the crass, the importunate, the pretentious, with an overlay of the institutional: "The engineering of public consent," "the coincidence of public and private interest," which are Bernays locutions for converting

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the profitable into the consequential, the ulterior into the philanthropic, all for the benefit of his client of the moment.

By 1917 Bernays had thought up the term "public relations counsel." It was an early move in his lifelong fight to make his profession respectable. The following year he was invited to join the wartime U.S. Committee on Public Information and "apply to international affairs the experience I had gained in creating events for *Daddy-Long-Legs* and the Russian Ballet."

In the years that followed, Bernays mixed in the affairs of mammoth corporations and sovereign nations. The list of his customers is interminable and spangled with the names of the famous, powerful, and rich. There was the notorious George Washington Hill of the American Tobacco Company, whom Bernays served eight years. Hill shocked Bernays by paying himself an $825,607 annual salary in the bleakest days of the depression, although not deeply enough to make him drop the account. There were A. P. Giannini of the Bank of America, Orlando Weber of Allied Chemical, and Samuel Zemurray of the United Fruit Company, whom Bernays helped to rearrange the internal politics of Guatemala. Others who had the benefit of his counsel were General Motors, General Electric, Procter & Gamble, the U.S. Air Force, the Treasury Department, the Navy, the Republic of India, Jascha Heifetz, Albert Payson Terhune, etc., etc.

Aside from initiating the use of foundations, seminars, round tables, symposia, funds, charity balls, consumer balls, consumer surveys, learned pamphlets, awards, and thousand-page research reports to dignify his clients' publicity needs, Bernays can also lay claim to having invented or promoted to national prominence the art of soap sculpture (for Procter & Gamble), the National Association for Mental Health, Henry Wallace, Benjamin Franklin, the blood test for drunken drivers (for the brewers' association), and motivational research, the skinny fashion model, and the color green (all for American Tobacco).

Although Bernays has lived for over fifty years in an upside-down world where the cart habitually comes before the horse and all road signs point in both directions, he has never shown any sign of vertigo. Commenting on the earth-shaking feud in 1929 between the candy manufacturers and the American Tobacco Company over the Bernays-promoted slogan "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet," he characteristically upgrades the frivolous to the portentous: "The competition of ideas in the American market place is an essential democratic process, for then the public can make its own choice. Even when ideas conflict and confuse, public debate clarifies the issues and makes for a sounder choice, in the long run."

Of a desperate and ill-fated campaign to save the hairnet from extinction, he writes in his most philosophical, chin-up manner: "We possibly retarded a long-time trend, but eventually the mass market for hairnets faded out. Only older women wore them. I recognized the power of the processes I was working with: in each case an example of coincidence of interest between the public and the private interest. . . . Such processes could be applied to hairnets or important social problems."

THERE WERE occasionally nonco-operators, but Bernays could draw morals from them too. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, a high-minded organization looking into some of U.S. medicine's weak spots, rejected his advice as to how to push their report: "They felt that for them to use such methods to prevent the report from being torpedoed [by the AMA] was outside their scope. They were devoted to doing good. They thought truth without implementation was their greatest weapon. They would not use power techniques to achieve acceptance. . . . And so medical care of the American people was set back for years. . . ."

Another idealist was the painter Maurice Sterne, an old Cape Cod friend to whom Bernays offered advice gratis: "The problem of the artist, I said to Sterne, was getting acclaim from other publics than those who followed the tastes of their favorite art critic. Broader acclaim, I had found, affects the buying public, leads them to a more favorable viewpoint and gives it greater faith in the status of the artist. Also, it affected the attitudes of dealers and museums.

"Maurice Sterne listened intently as I told my story. He knew he had not reached this wider public, as had Grant Wood, Reginald Marsh, and Thomas Hart Benton. I said I would be happy to help him. . . .

"I then outlined the activity I thought would help him most. Because of his extraordinary paintings of Provincetown, I said he should write to secretaries of chambers of commerce of seaboard cities and request a photograph of their most beautiful seascape. After he had chosen the one he considered the most beautiful, he should visit and paint the location. The painting would get local and national attention and would have appeal in terms of the competitive regionalism of the United States. The paintings of the seascape would bring widespread national acclaim to its creator, Maurice Sterne. . . .

"Sterne listened intently in a baffled way as I outlined my plan. He understood the words, but I knew from his expression that executing any of this was beyond him. He told me we were living in different worlds. I did not think we were. I felt I had adjusted to the world he and I were both living in. He thanked me and he meant it. We remained good friends, but neither of us brought up the matter again."

This adjustment, these motives mixed beyond any hope of untangling, the disbelief in the ability of truth, talent, or merit to win out alone, is indeed what makes this breezy, bouncy, endlessly confident man, his book, and his profession eventually seem slightly sinister. "Adjustment was a primary function of good public relations," he declares in a crucial passage; "give and take and adjustment were necessary for survival. I adjusted."

And thanks to his expertise as an adjuster he has won riches, approval, fame (no one of his clients over the years has received more attention in the press than Bernays himself), everything, indeed, except the stature for his profession that he has sought after so earnestly.

For no matter how cunning its

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickle® No. 138

by HENRY ALLEN

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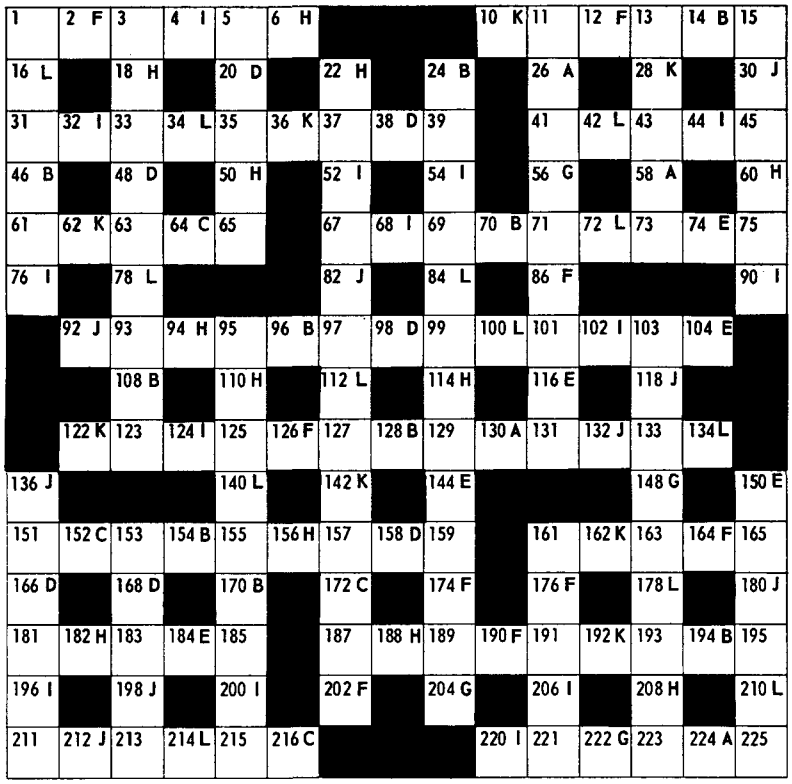
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym, the other a pun, anagram, or play on words
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
58 26 130 224 Fifth-century invader of Britain.

B
46 154 96 14 170 128 194 24 108 70 Lake in Florida.

C
216 64 152 172 "That with reiterated crimes he might/_____ on himself damnation." Milton, "Paradise Lost."

D
158 168 98 48 20 166 38 An Eastern white grape.

E
150 116 144 104 184 74 A superficial appearance.

F
2 12 190 126 202 86 174 164 176 Commit perjury (3,2,4).

G
148 204 56 222 "Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,/ To teach the young____ how to shoot." James Thomson, "The Seasons."

H
188 6 18 182 22 156 94 50 114 60 110 208 Preparation for dressing leather (5-4,3).

I
124 90 68 200 54 76 32 102 4 206 196 52 220 44 Prevent one from accomplishing a goal (6,1,7).

J
92 132 180 30 212 118 136 82 198 What a mother might say to a child in the monkey house (3,3,3).

K
122 10 28 192 36 142 62 162 You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of _____'s heels." Shakespeare, "As You Like It."

L
84 210 100 78 42 16 72 140 178 34 112 214 134 Interminably (4,2,4,3).

ACROSS

1. To light poetically is half sick.
10. Biters in gangs!
31. A raw cry? Ay! Take it off! (5,4).
41. Kind of car that's red about in the overall.
61. Guide cattle.
67. See 5 down.
92. Displayed a model of a shop-weld seam (6,1,6).
122. What else is new, sexton? Had want prevailed? (3,2,4,4).
151. Put in escrow or salt away (4,1,4).
161. Plant 101 about a deed.
181. Speak a French street with a doublet.
187. How to leave something simmering (permissive at last!) (2,4,3).
211. Bird finally in a hurry.
220. Propped up and remained.

DOWN

1. How something can be higher if a broken coin comes first (2,4).
3. Female ostrich, for example, or Rhea with Glen? (6,3).
5. With 67 across, imminent position of the Acrostician (5,2,3,4).
11. Unpleasant females make you and me wonder (4,5).
13. Cantor eyes with no jab.
15. Set broken about South Korea? – that's a blow!
22. Dive, for it's no soup pond. Wow! (5,4,4).
24. Where the mercenary rallies – N.Y. bastard Andy! (2,3,8).
95. Smart alecks with extensive landholdings?
103. As pertaining to words when the law comes first and a friend last.
136. Short and sudden but apt rub-down.
150. Saw French life and married.
153. An inert chemical.
161. French cat or map.

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techniques, or how large its incidental philanthropies, public relations for the most part still remains a trick rather than an art, a figment rather than an idea. In its lowest forms it practices outright deception and misrepresentation. In its highest, which Bernays embraces so proudly, it is a ferry shuttling eternally between the shores of profit and social usefulness, with the cargo always loaded in favor of the return trip.

BERNAYS, unlike some of his fellow practitioners, does admit mistakes. He regrets his part in making cigarettes universally acceptable and is actually trying to undo the harm he did in promoting unnecessary construction of highways. He has frequently had scruples about whom he would accept as clients. "I have refused to advise several men who asked me to aid them to become President of the United States because I believed they were unfit for the office."

After one closes the book one is haunted by that encounter with Maurice Sterne:

"He told me we were living in different worlds. I did not think we were. I felt I had adjusted to the world he and I were both living in." Undaunted, unregenerate, and why shouldn't he be? The adjuster, after all, is still dominant in our land. Maybe he will eventually, like hairnets, go out of fashion. But then again, maybe, like cigarettes (even with the damning evidence of books such as Bernays's), he won't.

Native Aliens

EDWARD T. CHASE

THE UNCOMMITTED: ALIENATED YOUTH IN AMERICAN SOCIETY, by Kenneth Keniston. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $8.50.*

The Uncommitted comprises two distinct books. The first is a two-hundred-page account of a research project focused on twelve Harvard undergraduates who were chosen from among some two thousand students for their high degree of "alienation," a term that has long been the most modish and sloppy in the rhetoric of social criticism. The twelve participated in a three-year study in depth of "the alienation syndrome." Twelve extremely eager-beaver *non*-alienated students were also studied, for comparison, along with a third dozen who were not deemed extreme in either way. The study involved Thematic Apperception Tests (the student is shown ambiguous pictures on cards around which he writes imaginative stories) and various psychological experiments and interviews.

Keniston has given his "prototypically alienated young man" the name Inburn—a happy stroke. In long quotations from his written and verbatim statements Inburn emerges as a remarkably articulate, fanciful, and morbid fellow, well read in the "diction of estrangement" gleaned from the works of "the most alienated writers of the last two alienated centuries."

On Keniston's findings, the etiology of alienated—though nominally privileged—youths runs about like this: they are offspring of viable but unhappy marriages in which the mother is dominant, the father physically or, more often, psychologically removed. The son has an unusual intimacy with the mother, thereby enjoying a "felt psychological victory over his chief childhood competitor," his father. But this is a Pyrrhic victory, as Keniston tells us, for it costs the son a father he can love and emulate. The fathers are in one way or another seen as unfaithful to their early ideals, failures in their own eyes (though business and professional successes), compromisers who have adjusted to a corrupting society. The mothers see themselves—and are seen by the sons—as possessed of unusual aesthetic talents frustrated by their marriages. Hence their "overinvestment" in their sons, and their effect, too, of inculcating in their sons "a special sensitivity to beauty, feeling," and a revulsion for the nominal American experience of daily ugliness, of the jumble of good and evil that is everyman's lot.

These Inburns suffer, then, the deprivation of having had a *too* loving mother, one who made excessive emotional demands upon them and left them with "an unconscious obsession with a lost relationship with the early mother, an inability to escape the pull of this dim memory, a continuing quest for some equivalent." So the victory over Papa is Pyrrhic indeed, since ultimately the son feels that women are dangerous aggressors, the active element that controls and restricts. Lest you race, as I did, to the early conclusion that Inburns are emerging homosexuals, let me record that they in fact lead generally passive and timid but clearly heterosexual lives. Nonetheless, their latent homosexuality is manifest and Keniston's avoidance of this label over hundreds of pages seems obtuse if not perverse.

In an earlier, more innocent day, these youths would have been viewed as oddballs; as Keniston puts it, theirs is the individualism of "inner emigration;" they are solitaries who remain in their land physically but "have left it spiritually." For them any kind of commitment is tantamount to a foolish, debasing "sell-out." Hence they are not rebels, let alone revolutionaries—indeed in their written fantasies the alienated presuppose that "revolution ends in disaster for all concerned." They articulate no positive vision of a better world. Their rejection of what they conceive as "materialism" merely serves to insulate them from economic and socio-political considerations, the convention of adulthood, of taking responsibility.

KENISTON'S thesis is that the Inburn is a new and increasing kind of alienation because it occurs at the top of the economic-social bracket, it is chosen and not imposed by circumstance, and it receives a subtle, underlying sanction from the fact that something of the same stresses, estrangements, and disenchantments are taking place in the American culture as a whole. It is this second part of his thesis that absorbs Keniston in the book's concluding half, the "Alienating Society." His argument that America's is an alienating society, except among engineers and other heroes of a technological age, rests on such observations as these: accelerating change foreshortens the time span, radically widens the gap in mutual understanding between the generations, creates a cult of the present, and complicates the problem of

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identification. Furthermore, the technological nature of our society exacerbates these difficulties by demanding "the fragmentation of tasks" in which the meaning of work becomes lost and with it a sense of psychological wholeness and the capacity for spontaneous feeling and expressiveness.

Moreover, since the middle-class American mother is likely to be the real center of initiative in the family, is herself ambitious, frustrated, capable, and inclined to expect her children to achieve *for her,* the family, far from being "a shelter against the demands of public life, becomes instead the place where these demands are most keenly felt." Keniston goes on to deplore the decline of the utopian spirit in America and its "privatization"—that is, the placing of our hopes and visions not on a better world but on private attainments, as in marriage, for example.

I find Keniston somewhat ambivalent in this concluding section. He seems to depreciate the American idealization of youth as evidence of a national unreadiness to assume the commitments of adulthood. But at the same time he sees American adulthood as absorbed with an unworthy technological society, one that defies means, is indifferent to values and thus frustrates the fulfillment of "the whole man."

The fact that Keniston is not original does not mean he should not be taken seriously. His is a conscientious, sensible, and, at least in the book's first half, an interestingly researched exploration of American malaise. The main trouble with his book, apart from its length, its inexcusable repetitions, and the author's easy tolerance for clichés, is that it ignores American political-economic realities. Keniston is no doubt a gifted psychologist, but he seems to be most curiously insensitive to the way in which the business system pervasively dominates American life. (I would guess he has paid a severe penalty for having spent his entire life in the academy.) Again and again he fails to follow through on his own leads. Had he done so, I am convinced that he would have confronted the fact, demonstrated again and again over the past half century by social critics and imag-

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inative writers, that the most demoralizing aspects of the American experience are traceable to the inequities inflicted by its market economy. Given the knowledge of what our technology is capable of, it is hardly surprising that there has been a profound revulsion from the culture we have wrought: item—the proliferation of luxury housing while our urban slums increase; the debasement of television and popular culture generally because advertising-supported media must serve the corporate interest above the public interest; the squalor and near bankruptcy of publicly owned urban mass transportation in contrast to the fantastic profitability of the privately owned automobile industry; and —for a non-corporate example of market economics—the costliness, waste, and inequity in the distribution of medical services, which to this day are managed by individual profit-seeking entrepreneurs who for twenty years collectively succeeded in postponing decent medical care for the elderly.

To be sure, this is the familiar liberal litany of complaint. It doesn't follow that a socialist or collectivist economy is a preferred alternative. Nor that the distorting effect of a business system that absorbs the largest share of our energies and talents provides the whole explanation for Americans' alienation. But even taking Keniston's own description of alienating factors—the alleged sellout of the fathers to a corrupting society, the single-minded pursuit of knowhow in a competitive, materialistic commercial society, the horror of conniving, of cruelty, of using people as means—it is clear that a root cause for this alienation is the particular profit-organized character of America's market economy. It is not always morbid alienation that is compelling young Americans in increasing numbers to downgrade money-making as they shape their lives, as I'm sure Keniston would readily agree. My point is that both the new *un*committed whom Keniston analyzes so convincingly and the new *committed* are now registering their rejection of a market-dominated social order. One would hardly suspect this from reading Keniston's book.

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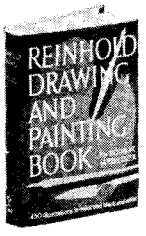

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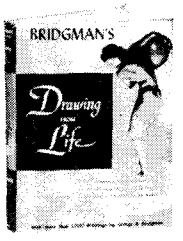

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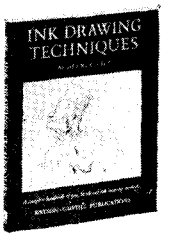

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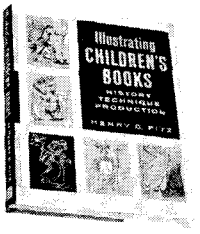

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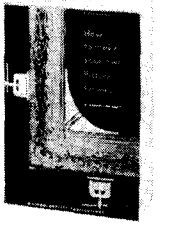

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